

The Musical World.

(REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.)

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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1875.

PRICE { 4d. Unstamped.
5d. Stamped.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—SATURDAY CONCERT, Dec 4th.
Professor MACFARREN'S Oratorio, "ST JOHN THE BAPTIST." Vocalists—Mdme Lemmens-Sherrington, Mdme Patey, Mr Wilford Morgan, Mr Wadmore, The Crystal Palace Choir. Conductor—Mr AUGUST MANNS. Numbered stalls, 3s. 6d. and 2s. 6d. Admission to Palace, Half-a-Crown, or by Guinea Season Ticket.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—SOPHOCLES' "ANTIGONE," with the whole of MENDELSSOHN'S Music, will be produced on the Stage on TUESDAY, Dec. 14th. Mr J. Ryder, Miss Genevieve Ward, Miss Carlisle, and a carefully selected Chorus. See future announcements.

ALEXANDRA PALACE.—SATURDAY NEXT, DEC. 11,
Repetition of HANDEL'S Oratorio,
"ESTHER."

(By desire). Mdme Blanche Cole, Mdme Enriquez, Mr Wadmore, Mr Howells, and Mr Vernon Righy. Increased Orchestra and Choir. Conductor—Mr H. WEIST HILL. Reserved seats, 3s. 6d., 2s. 6d. and 1s. Admission, One Shilling.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY, EXETER HALL.—Con-
ductor—Sir MICHAEL COSTA. FRIDAY, at 7.30, HANDEL'S "DEBORAH." Principal Vocalists—Mdle Levier, Miss Julie Elton, Mr M. Smith, Mr Lewis Thomas, Organist—Mr Willing. Tickets, 6s., and 10s. 6d. Subscription, Two and Three Guineas. Subscribers now entering will be entitled to an extra Ticket for "Deborah."

CHRISTMAS PERFORMANCE OF "MESSIAH," EXETER
HALL, Dec. 17. Conductor—Sir MICHAEL COSTA. Vocalists—Mdme Nouvier, Mdme Enriquez, Mr Sims Beeves, Mr Fabrini, Herr Behrens. Trumpet—Mr T. Harper.

MUSICAL ASSOCIATION, 27, HARLEY STREET, W.—
SECOND SESSION, 1875-6. SECOND MONTHLY MEETING, MONDAY, December 6th. At 5 p.m. punctually a Paper will be read by WILLIAM POLE, Esq., F.R.S., Mus. Doc. Oxon.: "On the Graphic Representation of Intervals, with Illustrations of the Construction of the Scale." CHARLES K. SALAMAN, Hon. Sec.

M DME SAINTON-DOLBY'S VOCAL ACADEMY, FOR
the training of Professional Vocalists (Ladies only). Mdme SAINTON-DOLBY receives Candidates for admission on TUESDAYS, between Three and Four o'clock, at her residence, 71, Gloucester Place, Hyde Park. Particulars can also be obtained of Messrs Chappell & Co., 50, New Bond Street, W.

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The Alpine Hunter.
A boatman's life for me.
Heavenly Voices.
My Lily.
Gentle Flowers.
Sing, dearest, sing.
The Buckles on her Shoes.
Many weary years ago.
The Flight of the Birds.

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THE POETRY BY SHELLEY.

THE MUSIC BY

J. W. DAVISON.

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"The most interesting feature was, perhaps, the singing by Mdme Nilsson of two songs by Mr J. W. Davison, a gentleman who, in his capacity of composer, is much too little known. The ballads we allude to were 'I fear thy kisses, gentle maiden,' one of a set of vocal illustrations of Shelley, and 'Sweet Village Bells,' words by the late Desmond Ryan; the music in either case being of high artistic merit, and worthy the notice of the famous artist to whom the public are indebted for their acquaintance with the compositions. Mdme Nilsson's success was unequivocal, the vocalist being recalled to the platform no less than three times."—*Concordia.*

[Dec. 4, 1875.]

"WELCOME TO INDIA."

MRS FOGDEN will sing the new Song, "WELCOME TO INDIA" (by Mr FRANCIS HOWELL), and ASCHER'S "O'ER THE HILLS AND PLAINS WE HUNTERS FLY," at the Public Hall, Westerham, on Thursday next.

"MY SWEETHEART WHEN A BOY."

MR WILFORD MORGAN will sing his popular Ballad, "MY SWEETHEART WHEN A BOY," at Brixton, Dec. 8th; and at Brighton, Dec. 13th and 16th.

"I WOULD BE A BOY AGAIN."

MR WILFORD MORGAN will sing his new and successful Ballad, "I WOULD BE A BOY AGAIN," at Brighton, Dec. 14th.

"COULD I BUT CALL HER MINE."

MR WILFORD MORGAN will sing his Ballad, "COULD I BUT CALL HER MINE," at Brighton, Dec. 17th.

MADAME EDITH WYNNE has returned to Town, and requests that all communications respecting ENGAGEMENTS be addressed direct to her residence, 18, Bentinck Street, Manchester Square, W.

HERR SCHUBERTH begs to announce that he will return from the Continent on the 18th December. All letters to be addressed, care of Messrs DUNCAN DAVISON & CO., 244, Regent Street, W.

MME ANTOINETTE STERLING begs to announce that she will be detained in New York by Engagements there until Christmas, and cannot return to London until early in January. In the meanwhile, all communications respecting ENGAGEMENTS after that time addressed to her at her residence, 9, St George's Square, Belgravia, W., will receive immediate attention.

MRS ELIZABETH BEESLEY begs to announce her return to Town. All communications to be addressed to her new residence 21, Clifton Villa, Maida Vale, W.

HERMANN FRANKE (Concertmeister, from Dresden) Principal Violin and Soloist of Mr Edward De Jong's Orchestra, Manchester, begs that all applications for ENGAGEMENTS as Soloist, and for Lessons, in London and elsewhere, be addressed to Mr W. B. HEALEY, care of DUNCAN DAVISON & CO., 244, Regent Street, W.

MR MAYBRICK has Returned to Town, and can accept ENGAGEMENTS for Oratorios, Concerts, &c. Address, 2, Little Argyll Street, Regent Street, W.

MR VALENTINE FABRINI (Tenor). All communications respecting Oratorios, Concerts, &c., may be addressed to him—13, Queen Square, Bloomsbury, W.C.

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The aim of this Work is to obviate the "drudgery" of first lessons in Music, so often complained of, by explaining, in a novel and entertaining manner, the different kinds of Notes and their values, the Clefs and Staves, the use of the Metronome, the different signs of movement and expression,—in short, all that is generally considered to belong to the *rudiments* of Music.

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TO H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.

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THE SCOTCH BALLAD CONCERT.

With St Andrew's Day came appropriately the first snow of the season—

"Cauld blew the wind frae north to south,
The drift was driftin' sairly."

Timid people might have feared an array of empty benches at St James's Hall; but the *perverendum ingenium* of the hardy sons and daughters of the North was not to be daunted by such trifles. Seldom has the well-known hall presented a more animated appearance, every part being crowded, and many unable to gain admission. From first to last the concert was a great success, and must have fully justified the expectations of its promoters. Artists and audience seemed to enter heartily into the spirit of the music, whether grave or gay. After an excellent performance of the overture to *Guy Mannering*, by the band of the Scots Fusilier Guards, under the conductorship of Mr J. P. Clarke, came the well-known but ever welcome ballads of Scotland. It is a difficult matter for those who are not "to the manner born" to give the "auld Scots sangs" in all their purity, but such artists as Miss Enriquez, Madame Edna Hall, Miss Emily Mott, Mr Sims Reeves, Mr Lloyd, Mr Sydney Smith, &c., &c., could not fail to please. Many were the encores, and the applause throughout unstinted. "Castles in the air," by Miss Emily Mott, "Oh, are ye sleeping, Maggie," by Madame Edna Hall, "John Anderson, my jo," by Miss Enriquez, all well deserved the encores which they received. Miss Enriquez particularly delighted us by her charming rendering of "Dreams of Home"—written and composed (by Mr Henderson and Herr Reichardt) in memory of Dr Livingstone. Mr Lloyd was most successful in "Jessie, the flower o' Dunblane," and in "Draw the sword, Scotland." Mr Greaves sang "Scots wha hae" so well, it was a pity he felt obliged to "improve" the music! Mr Ainsworth was evidently suffering from a cold. Greatest of all came the Prince of Tenors. The first appearance of Mr Sims Reeves was the signal for long-sustained applause. He sang "The Land o' the Leal" with most touching pathos. When recalled, as a matter of course, he accompanied himself in his old favourite "My love is like a red, red rose;" and when, in the "Macgregor's Gathering," the war-cry, "Gregalach," resounded through the hall, he received a tremendous ovation—truly the heather was on fire! The pipers of the Scots Fusilier Guards appropriately brought to a conclusion one of the most successful concerts of the season. A Scotch Ballad Concert on St Andrew's Day must now be regarded as an established institution.

MUSIC AT GLASGOW.

(From a Correspondent.)

Two of the long expected orchestral concerts have already taken place in Glasgow. The programme of the first concert was devoted entirely to Sir Michael Costa's oratorio, *Eli*, under the direction of the renowned *maestro* himself. According to the *Glasgow Herald*, the performance was such as to give entire satisfaction to the composer. The second concert, under the direction of Mr Arthur Sullivan, according to the same authority, was alike successful. About the orchestra, the *Herald* says:—

"The concert just concluded enables us to state, in general terms, that the orchestra is composed of unrivalled executants. The strings are remarkable for exquisite tone, and for the perfect execution of the most difficult passages; the woods are finer than any to be found in any one orchestra in the country; while the brasses are also, on the whole, very good, although Mr Sullivan would do well to moderate their vigour in some of the *forte* passages."

Among the pieces performed were Beethoven's Seventh Symphony, the overture to *Oberon*, the *Flying Dutchman* of Wagner, and *Zunetta*, together with an entr'acte of Gounod's *Colombe*, and a *gavotte* from the *Mignon* of Ambroise Thomas. These pieces received full justice under the direction of Mr Sullivan, about whose conducting the *Herald* writes as subjoined:—

"As to Mr Sullivan's conducting, we shall take occasion before the series closes to refer to it with some degree of minuteness. Meanwhile, it may be said that, knowing as he does every bar of the music, he is able without apparent effort really to conduct his

orchestra, and by careful preparation and frequent rehearsals he gains every effect desired. He is proud of his forces, and we happen also to know that the gentlemen of the orchestra, reposing every confidence in their conductor, are anxious to do their very best to make the present series an exceptional success. Now that Glasgow possesses such a superb orchestra, marshalled by one of the best conductors of the day, it remains to be seen whether the general public will give that measure of support necessary to make the scheme one of permanency. To let the undertaking fail would be no credit to the city."

The solo was Spohr's so-called "Dramatic Concerto," the player being our great English violinist, Mr Carrodus, who is thus appraised by the intelligent critic of the *Herald*:—

"It is manifest that Mr Carrodus is one of those thoroughly conscientious performers who, not contented with the substantial successes of the past, seek by continuous and ever-widening study to reach even a higher standard of artistic excellence."

The singer was Madame Sinico-Campobello, who selected Mendelssohn's superbly dramatic air, "Infelice," and "Deh vieni," from *Figaro*, and, being encored in the latter, substituted "Robin Adair." The whole concert gave unqualified satisfaction to a very large audience.

—o—

BRUSSELS.

(From our Correspondent.)

The principal event lately worthy of note at the Théâtre Royal de la Monnaie has been the appearance of M. Silva as Vasco de Gama, in place of M. Warot, the former representative of the adventurous but not too moral navigator. M. Silva has passed through the ordeal very creditably, though he makes Vasco a totally different personage to what M. Warot made him. The latter gentleman gave especial prominence to the lyric and idyllic side of the character. He was all sweetness, all gentleness. M. Silva, on the contrary, is made of sterner stuff, and invests the Portuguese discoverer with a vast amount of energy and roughness, as marked as it was unexpected. The public seemed to like the new version; at any rate, they dispensed their applause with liberal hands. Madlle Vanden Berghen, as Selika, was better than she was when first she assumed the part, but still leaves much to be desired. The way in which the opera was put on the stage showed marks of haste and carelessness. It was not what it should be in the leading and subventioned theatre of a European capital, even though that capital be one of the smallest.

The season of Popular Concerts of Classical Music has begun at the Alhambra, the locality in which the concerts were given last year. There was a large and appreciative audience on the first night. M. Joseph Dupont, the clever and energetic director, was warmly welcomed on taking his place. The concert commenced with Beethoven's Seventh Symphony. Mdme Jaell played Liszt's Pianoforte Concerto in E minor, Brahms' Variations on a theme of Paganini's, and, with M. Jaell, the Variations of St Saëns on a theme from Beethoven's Eighteenth Sonata. The other principal pieces in the programme were the ballet music from Schubert's *Rosamunda*, and Ferdinand Hiller's masterly overture to Schiller's *Demetrius*.

A new mass, with full band, was performed at the Church of St Gudule, on the Festival of St Cecilia, under the direction of M. Fischer. It is from the pen of M. Wouters, and produced a decidedly favourable impression.

M. Offenbach has paid us a visit. Of course he went to see his own work, *Madame l'Archiduc*, at the Alcazar, and, of course, expressed himself charmed with every one in it, more particularly with Mdme Théo. When it was known that he was in the house the audience gave him a most hearty welcome, in acknowledgment of which he bowed repeatedly from his private box. On the following evening the band proceeded to his hotel, and serenaded him with some of the best-known pieces from his works. A dense crowd filled the large square in which the hotel is situated, and testified their delight by loud and frequent cries of "Vive Offenbach." After the serenade there was a joyous supper inside the hotel. Observed of all observers were M. Offenbach and Mdme Théo.

[Dec. 4, 1875.]

Important to Managers.

CLERKENWELL COUNTY COURT.—THURSDAY, NOVEMBER, 25.

POINTER v. HART.—The action was brought by Mr. Harry Wall, for and on behalf of, and under a power of attorney held from Miss Elizabeth Ann Pointer, the registered assignee and proprietor of the sole liberty of representation in public for gain of the opera of *Marianna*, against Mr Henry Hart, the Responsible Proprietor of the "Raglan" Music Hall, for having "caused and permitted" a performance there on two several occasions by a certain performer on the stage, and by the musicians comprising the orchestra in his employ, of two airs, entitled respectively "Scenes that are brightest" and "There is a flower that bloometh," from the aforesaid opera, the words of the same not having been used, but others substituted in place thereof of a totally different character, to recover the sum of £4, being the statutory penalties of £2 for each performance, "without the permission, in writing, first had and obtained from the above-named Proprietor of such sole liberty," as the statutes require. The Act 3 and 4 William IV., cap. 15, secs. 1 and 2, which protects the Proprietor of the right of representation of an opera, or of "any part thereof," was cited, as under it the two airs forming a portion of the before-named opera were protected, and 5 and 6 Victoria, cap. 45, secs. 20 and 21, which protects any "musical composition" from being infringed. The "Raglan," although not a *licensed* "place of dramatic entertainment," was proved to have been rendered and constituted such for the time being, owing to the nature of the performances on the particular night in question (July 12th and 13th last), sufficiently for the purposes of these Acts, and the chief points raised and argued, and on which judgment had been deferred, were whether it is incumbent on the part of a plaintiff to give previous notice to prevent the commission of such an offence, and prove that such notice had been given, or whether a Proprietor or Manager be rendered liable to the penalties, although he may have *quite innocently, ignorantly, and unknowingly* caused and permitted an infringement to take place; and also if the performance of two melodies from an opera constitute "any part thereof" so as to subject an offender or offenders to the penalties named.

His Honour said he had well considered the many cases previously settled in superior courts to which his attention had been called, and that he had found all the points of law fully in the plaintiff's favour, to whom he must, therefore, award a verdict for the amount claimed, together with full costs, according to the rules of the court, including all witnesses present or absent.

MAYENCE.—On Thursday, the 25th ult., the second concert of the "Kunstverein" took place, with the following programme:—String Quartet in E flat, by C. von Dittersdorf (contemporary of Haydn, died 1799); *Aria* from the *Creation*; *Fantasia* on *Oberon*, for harp, by Parish-Alvars; *Andante* and *Variations* from Schubert's D minor Quartet; Songs by Rubinstein and Gounod; "Clouds and Sunshine," musical illustration for harp solo; *Scherzo* and *Finale* from J. S. Svendsen's Quartet in A minor. The artists were Frau Zidia Klehmet, from Cologne (soprano); Herr Charles Oberthir, from the London Academy of Music (harp); Herr Concertmeister R. Heckmann (first violin); Herr Allekotte (second violin); Herr Concertmeister Otto Forberg (tenor); Herr Music-director Grüters (violincello). Frau Klehmet sang the *aria* from the *Creation*, with taste, and was particularly successful in the songs by Rubinstein and Gounod. The Quartet by Dittersdorf was an interesting and by no means an antiquated composition; it was very excellently played, and deserved a warmer reception than it met with. The fine Adagio from Schubert's D minor Quartet was, however, more appreciated, and also the movements from Svendsen's A minor Quartet. Herr Concertmeister Heckmann, as the leader of these quartets, proved himself a violin player of the first order. The "lion" of the evening was Herr C. Oberthir, who, after his splendid performance of Parish-Alvars' *Oberon* Fantasia, was unanimously recalled, as well as afterwards, when he played his own harp solo, "Clouds and Sunshine." The next concert takes place on January the 7th, with the Florentine Quartet Society, under Jean Becker. At the third concert (January the 28th), Frau Professor Rappoldi and her husband, Professor E. Rappoldi, of the Berlin High Music School, will play.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

The Students' Evening Concert, at St James's Hall, on Thursday evening, December 2nd, notwithstanding the severity of the weather, was remarkably well attended. The following is the programme:—

Duet, "Il core vi dono," *Cosi fan Tutte* (Mozart)—Miss Matilda Roby and Mr Jarrett; Pianoforte, Capricciosa, in E, No. 2, and Agitato Assai, in E minor, No 3, from Suite de Pièces (Op. 24), (W. Sterndale Bennett)—Miss Minnie Elwell; Song, "The Charmer" (Mendelssohn)—Miss Lizzie Williams; Trio, "Love" (Henry Leslie)—Miss Marie Duval, Miss Bolingbroke, and Mr H. Seligmann; Rec., "They err," and Air, "Love's Holy Flame" (T. M. Mudie)—Miss Mary Webb; "Springtime," for the pianoforte, with Accompaniment for second pianoforte (J. Raff)—Miss Jenkins and Miss Banks; Aria, "Salve dimora," *Faust* (Gounod), (violin obbligato, Miss Gabrielle Vaillant)—Mr Seligmann; Pianoforte, Introduction and Rondo, from Sonata in C (Op. 53), (Beethoven)—Miss Boxell; Barcarola (Gounod)—Miss Mary Davies and Mr Sauvage; Part Song (MS.), "The Pole's Farewell," George F. Smith (Student); Song, "I hear thee speak of a better land" (Arthur Cecil)—Miss A. Butterworth; Violin, Two Romances, in B flat and F (Walter Macfarren)—Mr Frank Smythies; Song, "I'm Alone," *Lily of Killarney* (Benedict)—Miss M. Lewis; Organ Fugue, in C minor (J. S. Bach)—Miss M. E. Butterworth; Song, "O, that we two were maying" (Gounod)—Miss Bolingbroke (Parepa-Rosa scholar); Solo and Chorus, "Ave Maria" *Loreley*, (Mendelssohn)—Solo, Miss Shaboe; Pianoforte, Cradle Song (Henselt), Rondolotto, "La Primavera" (Walter Macfarren)—Miss Chute; Madrigal (MS.), Walter Fitton (Student); Trio, "Giovinetto Cavalier," *Crociata in Egitto* (Meyerbeer)—Miss Marietta, Miss Kate Brand, and Miss Orridge; Song, "On the Water" (Crosshaw Johnson)—Mr Robert George; Solo and Chorus, Ladies' Voices, *Bride of Dunkerron* (H. Smart)—Solo, Miss Kate Brand; Pianoforte, Octave Study in C minor (Steibelt), and Study in C (Chopin)—Mr Matthay; Song, "Sleep, beloved, sleep" (Sullivan)—Miss Thekla Fischer; Anthem, "Behold, I bring you glad tidings" (Goss).

The accompanists were Miss Alice Curtis (Potter Exhibitioner), Miss Katie Steele, Miss Farrer, Miss M. E. Butterworth, Mr F. W. W. Bamfylde, and Mr Walter Fitton.

Although the weather was bitterly cold, the audience were liberal in their applause, and warmly recalled several of the young students, a custom, however, we think, at these concerts, more honoured in the breach than in the observance. Among the works that require more than ordinary notice was an air entitled "Love's holy flame," by Mr T. M. Mudie, one of the most distinguished musicians for whom we are indebted to our Royal Academy of Music, and whose compositions, both instrumental and vocal, are far too rarely heard in public, being as they are, immeasurably superior to so many things that we hear as far too often. We must not pass over, without a word of praise, the performance of the introduction and rondo from Beethoven's pianoforte sonata (Op. 53), by Miss Boxell, and that by Miss M. E. Butterworth, of a fugue for the organ by J. S. Bach. Miss Kate Brand, too, deserves commendation for the way in which she gave the solo part in the solo and chorus from Henry Smart's *Bride of Dunkerron*; Mr. Seligmann, for the unobtrusive way in which he gave "Salve dimora" (*Faust*), the violin part being carefully played by Miss Gabrielle Vaillant; and Mr. Robert George, whose voice was heard to advantage in an agreeable song, entitled "On the water," by Mr. Crosshaw Johnson, a former pupil of the Royal Academy of Music.

The next orchestral concert, under the conductorship of Mr Walter Macfarren, is announced to take place on Wednesday evening, December 15th, instead of the afternoon, as previously announced, when several compositions by students will be given, including the first movement of a Symphony in C minor (MS.), by Mr Eaton Fanning; a Sacred Cantata (MS.) by Mr A. H. Jackson; and a song (MS.) by Miss Oliveria Prescott.

ST PETERSBURGH.—Camille Saint-Saëns, the pianist and composer, has arrived here for the purpose of giving concerts and introducing his compositions to the local public.

NAPLES.—In addition to *Carlo di Borgogna*, by Sig. Musone, and *Rita*, by Sig. Guercia, two other novelties, *Maria di Vanne*, by Sig. Vincenzo Magnetta, and *Waldstein*, by Sig. Luigi Denza, will most probably be produced at the Teatro Mercadante during the ensuing season.

THE MUSIC OF THE FUTURE.

(From the "Liverpool Porcupine.")

Being entrusted with the duty of describing the jolly Wagner's music of the future from a high-art or upper-attic point of view —viz., the gallery, I duly attended the Alexandra Theatre early in the afternoon. I had heard of the difficulties and dangers of the long passage, and was, therefore, prepared with remedial measures. I went provided with the following appliances:—a set of Woods' life-saving pillows and mattresses, a book of words, a telescope (in order to bring the beauties of Wagner as distinct as possible), a box of sandwiches, a packet of rockets and fireworks, a large pepper-castor, a bottle of assafetida, half-a-dozen of pale ale, and an axe to cut my way through, if necessary. I went early in the afternoon to the long passage in Pudsey-street, and spent several hours instructively in contemplating the business premises of the Liverpool Omnibus and Tramways Company (Limited)—manager, Mr D. Busby, and was greatly edified by the variety and vigour of the language used by the stable-helps and bus-washers of that enterprising company. But the day wore on, my interest wore off, and my supply of creature comforts waned as the crowd of expectant opera-goers increased. I made up my mind to prepare for the worst, and accordingly fortified myself with the life-saving pillows and mattresses, which I strapped firmly round my body, so that I was protected against all buffets and the shocks of projecting rocks, and floating wreckage, in the shape of broken umbrellas, dismembered coat-tails, and ownerless hats.

I padded myself with my book of words (the large size, bound in boards), and, for fear that I might never see daylight again, I took one of my bitter-beer bottles (which I had previously emptied) and placed inside it a slip of paper, with my name, the date, longitude and latitude, and the ominous notification "Going up with all hands! No help for it! Anyone finding this paper who will communicate the sad intelligence to my bereaved family will be liberally rewarded—with the knowledge that they have done their duty." The bottle and contents I then committed to the deep, flinging it as far over the heads of the crowd as I could. It did not go far without striking somebody or something, and curses both loud and deep were followed by some fellow pitching the bottle back again. This sport went on playfully for some time, and several contused optics were the result; but I have every reason to think the bottle ultimately found its way into Pudsey-street, where one of Busby's men, thinking there might be some beer left in it, drew the cork, drained the dregs, read the paper, smiled a ghastly smile, and lit his pipe with my farewell "message from the deep." A couple of hours were pleasantly whiled away with operatic selections, volunteered by members of the crowd, the aria "Tomaso make room for your avunculo," and the scena "You'll dismember me," both from the opera of "Il Guardo Mulliganio," being especial favourites. The rondo, "I want to go home alla mia madre," expressed a general but utterly futile wish, for the crowd so increased in dimensions and combativeness that locomotion in a homeward direction was impossible. It was now time to bring into active requisition my pepper-castor and bottle of assafetida for testing the endurance of the animate surging volume that was threatening to squash me into a conglomerate gelatinous mass. With one hand I liberally besprinkled the surrounding crowd, with the other I dashed out the pleasing contents of the bottle against the wall. The immediate result may be more easily imagined than described. Some ladies fainted from the overpowering strength of the perfume, but were quickly brought to again by the fits of sneezing, which became general and violent. Those who could use their hands did so, and those who couldn't (and their name was legion) earnestly requested those who could to hold their nasal organs for them. The air of the long passage was heavy with unusual odours and imprecations, and the fun of it all was that I myself, being unable to move, got the full benefit of both. But it's a long passage that has no ending, and misery, however protracted, must have some limit.

There was a sigh of relief sent up from hundreds of aching hearts, allied with bruised bones, and this was followed by a rush and a swaying to and fro of the heaving mass of people, and then an opening of the floodgates of humanity and a surging upwards of the crowd. Thanks to my protecting precautions, I floated

serenely and safely on the top of the human waves, only being turned round and round like a buoy in an eddy, and was carried with a triumphant rush right up to the top of the apparently everlasting staircase. The first and only obstacle I encountered in my passage was the old checktaker at the head of the stairs, who demanded of me my proper pass before allowing me to be borne bodily down to the front row of the gallery. Unfortunately, I had omitted in my excitement and floating passage to perform the necessary preliminary of securing a check at the bottom of the stairway, and I now got a decided one at the top. I could not pass in without a proof of payment. What was I to do? Were all my preparations and precautions to be thus rudely negatived? I tried bribery and corruption on the man, but without avail. I offered him my life-saving apparatus, a couple of bottles of beer I had still left, secreted beneath the pillow-fenders—but it was no use. I had to float downstairs again, my downward progress against the current being much less smooth and pleasant for all parties concerned than had been my upward flight; and, after a hard battle for a quarter of an hour, I managed to fight my way to the pay-place, deposited my eighteenpence, and returned, a sadder and a wiser man, up the interminable staircase, to find that the gallery of the theatre was so crammed, rammed, and jammed, that seeing the stage was out of the question, and hearing the singing still more so. I departed, dejected, despairing, and defeated, and the elaborate critical opinion I was about to give to the expectant musical world remains a part of my inner consciousness. Wagner's music is still for me emphatically "the music of the future."

CHRISTINE NILSSON'S MARGARET.

Probably Margaret had never such an idealistic representative as Madame Nilsson. On her first entrance she looked as if she had stepped out of the frame of Ary Scheffer's celebrated picture. She was the embodiment of the character, never losing sight of the portrayal, even when having to sing the most florid music. The breathings of her growing affection for Faust in the garden scene—her acknowledgment of her love—her rapture when he embraced her in the window—her agony over the dead body of her murdered brother—her almost insane despair in the church, and her triumph over her tempter at the close—all showed histrionic talent of the highest order, which could only be the result of patient study and large intelligence. Then, when, added to this, she manifests vocalistic skill of an equally high class, expressed by a voice whose tones make their way to the heart, we have a singer of the choicest finish and most exquisite feeling, combined with an actress of such dramatic instinct as is seldom to be realized in one gifted being. But such is Mad. Nilsson. To enumerate the different points of excellence she exhibited would be tedious. They were all taken up by the audience, and she was frequently recalled with acclamation.—*Saunders' News Letter*.

Under a Portico in a Shower.

BAYLIS BOIL.—The critics have caught it!

PURPLE POWIS.—What—from old Slimbottom?

BAYLIS BOIL.—No—bother old Slimbottom!

PURPLE POWIS.—From whom, then?—C. Salaman?

BAYLIS BOIL.—No—nor Dr Stone neither. From Dr Hans von Bülow.

PURPLE POWIS.—On what account?

BAYLIS BOIL.—All foreign pianists have been kept out of England for sixteen years; or, if they come, they are not allowed independent "readings."

PURPLE POWIS.—What are "readings?"

BAYLIS BOIL.—I can't say.

PURPLE POWIS.—Nor I.

(Shower abates. Exeunt both, with spread umbrellas.)

Moscow.—Mad. Adelina Patti's benefit went off magnificently. The lady was called on a hundred times. She received 15,000 bouquets, besides an infinity of emeralds, diamonds, and artistic objects. The opera was *Les Huguenots*. The receipts amounted to 400,000 francs.—Dr Bling.

MUSIC IN BERLIN.

(From a Correspondent.)

The revival of Gluck's *Iphigenia in Aulis* at the Royal Operahouse reflects credit on the Management, but will not increase the reputation of the leading artists concerned, any more than it will bring grist to the financial mill. Herr Niemann is far from being a perfect Achilles, while Mad. Mallinger is quite as unsatisfactory an Iphigenia. Mdle Brandt as Clytemnestra and Herr Betz as Agamemnon were not much better. The subordinate parts were filled by Mdle Horina, Herren Salomon, Fricke, and Barth. The band under Herr Radecke set an example which the singers would have done well to follow. The scenery, dresses, and appointments, were good. Owing to the inefficiency of the singers and other reasons, I am afraid the work will not long remain in the bills. The following observations by Herr Gumbert, the well-known critic of the *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung*, strike me as worth quoting:

"By producing Gluck's work, the General-Intendance certainly deserve the sincere thanks of every competent judge of art, the more so as the time and trouble expended will not be rewarded by a real success. The few persons impelled to visit the theatre by love for such creations, and the few who like to be seen there that they may pass for admirers of classicality, all vanish after the first night, and, when it has been repeated once or twice, the work returns for an indefinite time to the library. Our life to-day is of a far too material kind, and far too much diverted from the Ideal, for the antique element and Gluck's simplicity possibly to please it. Our singers, too, are children of their age; they want to modernise Gluck, and they thus mar the effect which might otherwise be produced. The misguiding doctrines of certain prophets; remarks about the 'subordination of the tone to the words'; of 'the delicate feeling underlying the conception'; and of 'giving greater depth of expression,' have strewed a seed which is now blooming luxuriantly."

Every word of the above is unfortunately only too true, and exemplified to the fullest extent at the Royal Operahouse.

Miss Minnie Hauck is a greater favourite than ever. She is certainly the most popular artist under the sway of Herr von Hülsen. Being in a quoting humour, I append an extract from an article suggested to Herr Richard Würst by the fair young American in *Il Barbiere*:

"The present season—so every thing indicates—seems destined to bring about a healthy reaction in vocalistic matters at Berlin. The events of the last few weeks have been full of significant lessons. In the first place, various pupils of the Berlin school have come before the public, and, as regards technical capability, shown themselves so defective as to appear almost useless for the stage; then a young lady (Miss Hauck) has furnished a proof that a person who can sing Rossini admirably is the more competent to render satisfactorily Mozart. These facts have, apparently, produced a profound impression in all circles interested in them. This is, at any rate, highly cheering. But when people who have hitherto stuck their noses so persistently in the clouds as not to see what is taking place upon earth, people who were continually holding forth on the 'last aims' of singing, without understanding that no one can attain the *last* before they have got over the *first*—when these people, who had only such contemptuous expressions for bravura singing as 'modern tinsel-fineny,' or 'superficial senseless tone-trifling,' to-day suddenly raise their voices to urge the necessity of bravura, their words read like a confession of repentance. To these people who would teach without having learnt, I exclaim: 'For you the recognition of the truth comes much too late!' You would never see how indispensably necessary bravura is, from the very outset, for every one practising singing, because that alone gives the voice volubility, and with volubility, the correct Legato, grace, and elegance, together with breadth of phrasing, clearness of delivery, and, lastly, the power of taking long breath, a power accompanied by composure in the application of every vocal resource. It is true that you do not know how to treat bravura, because you never went through years of laborious study to attain it. If you were now to commence attempting to render young voices proficient in bravura, instead of benefiting and advancing, you would injure or even totally ruin them."

Herr Würst is not flattering to the professors of the vocal art in the Prussian capital. How delighted Miss Minnie Hauck must have felt, on perusing the above, to think that she did not learn how to sing, or, more strictly speaking, how *not* to sing, in Berlin.

The fiftieth professional anniversary of Herr Paul Taglioni was kept with due solemnity. On the morning of the eventful day he received the presents and congratulations of his numerous friends and acquaintances, together with the orders and decorations which German potentates are in the habit of bestowing on such occasions, and which German artists so greatly covet and so dearly prize. In the evening, an act from each of four of his ballets—*Elinor, Flick and Flock, Militaria, and Fantasca*—was given at the Royal Operahouse. After each act, the veteran ballet-master was called on and duly honoured by applause, bouquets, and laurel wreaths.

Mad. Mallinger is already engaged for two months and a half of her stipulated annual leave of absence. From the 1st to the 12th December she will fulfil an engagement at the Stadttheater of Barmen and Elberfeld; from the 14th to the 20th she will sing at the Stadttheater, Crefeld; and during the first half of January at the Joint Stock Theatre, Zurich. She will then return to Berlin till April. During the first half of that month she will appear at the Stadttheater, Mayence, and, during the last half, at the Stadttheater, Cologne, where, during the first half, she will have been preceded by Miss Minnie Hauck.

The stage rehearsals of R. Wagner's *Tristan und Isolde* have been going on ever since the 10th November. Herr Niemann will play Tristan, and Herr Betz, Kurwenal. The part of Isolde, unconditionally rejected by Mad. Mallinger, will be sustained by Mad. von Voggenhuber, and that of Brangane by Mdle Brandt.

The Manager of the Friedrich-Wilhelmstädtisches Theater continues offering in turns to his patrons *Die Fledermaus, Cagliostro, Mad. l'Archiduc, La Fille de Mad. Angot, and Giroflé-Girofla*. The next novelty will be a three-act opera in the same style, by Herr Bial. It is entitled *Der Liebesring*.

FRANKFORT-ON-THE-MAINE.

(From a Correspondent.)

The "Cäcilien Verein" is justly entitled to mark its concert of the 26th November with golden letters in its annals. The day having been set apart by the authorities for general prayers and penitence, nothing could have been more appropriate than a performance of Joh. Seb. Bach's High Mass in B minor, which gigantic work was given by the society in a manner that cannot be praised too highly. The solo parts were sustained by Fraulein Marie Breidenstern (soprano), Fraulein Amalie Kling (alto), Herr H. Vogl, from Munich (tenor), and Herr George Henschel, from Berlin (bass). The work was given complete, with the orchestral accompaniment and organ, the latter played by Herr Wigand Oppel. The choruses were supplied by the society's members; and the whole under the direction of Music-director Herr Carl Müller, who, with the energy and conscientiousness which such a work demands, secured its great success, for which, however, every one concerned did the utmost with best will and spirit. The alto solo of the *Gloria*, "Qui sedes ad dextram Patris," was particularly effective; and likewise so the duet in the *Credo*, "Et in unum Dominum"; also the *aria* for bass, "Et in spiritum sanctum Dominum," was sung admirably; as likewise the tenor solo, "Benedictus qui venit." The choruses went with a precision that left nothing to be desired; and indescribable is the effect that was produced by the delicacy with which the "Crucifixus etiam pro nobis, sub Pontio Pilato passus et sepultus est," was sung, in which the voices died away in the softest of *pp.*; after which the powerful chorus, "Et resurrexit tertia," formed a magnificent and glorious contrast. Herr Concertmeister Heermann also deserves particular notice for his chaste and exquisite playing of the violin solos in the *Gloria* and the *Benedictus*. The concert which took place in the large room of the "Saalbau" was fully attended by all classes of the population.

DARMSTADT.—The once popular contralto, Mdme Schönberger-Marconi, celebrated, on the 22nd November, her 90th birthday. She is still in the enjoyment of her faculties, mental and bodily.

WESEL.—A deplorable accident occurred here lately at the Theatre. The second gallery gave way, killing some persons and severely injuring many more. The confusion and terror among the audience were indescribable.

CHICKERING HALL.

(From the New York "Touchstone.")

On Monday evening next, the 15th inst., at 8 p.m., this fine structure will be opened by Dr Hans Guido von Bülow, the great German pianist. The occasion is looked forward to with the deepest interest by both amateurs and professionals, as well as by the general public, inasmuch as it will be marked by the introduction of one of the most distinguished performers of the day to a New York audience, and by the throwing open, for the first time, of the doors of one of the handsomest halls, if not the handsomest hall in this city. Of course the sitting capacity of the hall will be tested to the utmost.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

Last night's proceedings at St James's Hall gave a proof of the favour in which these concerts are held, apart from anything of a novel or "sensational" nature. Every instrumental work in the programme was familiar to amateurs, and not a single performer could lay claim to the often dubious distinction of being a "lion." Yet a large audience assembled, listened, and applauded, with as much apparent zest as though efforts had been made to gratify their curiosity. A more healthy sign could not possibly challenge notice. Schubert's well-known quartet in A minor (op. 29) headed the programme, and was heard, for the thirteenth time, with as much pleasure as when its delicate beauty and tender sentiment first charmed the world of music. To say that the poor Viennese schoolmaster never produced anything more lovely than this quartet is to tell but half the truth, because the scope of the assertion should include the whole repertory of chamber compositions. We do not forget the marvellous works of Beethoven, a greater man than Schubert; but, extraordinary as was the power of that mighty genius over all forms of musical expression, there is, in the A minor quartet, a tenderness, a graciousness, a gentle and winning loveliness, which are peculiarly Schubert's own. The work concentrates within itself nearly all that is most characteristic of the master, and, whatever else may pass into oblivion, will remain the monument, more durable than brass, of a delightful writer. It was well played by Madame Néruda, M.M. Ries, Zerbini, and Pezze; the accomplished lady violinist doing especial justice to a theme of which she is perhaps the best living exponent. Madame Néruda always has sympathy with Schubert. Her artistic nature responds quickly and fully to his appeal, and, when playing his music, she is heard at her very best. The second concerted work was Beethoven's early yet very characteristic sonata in E flat (op. 12), for pianoforte and violin. This, too, is well known in St James's Hall, where its beautiful slow movement, and joyous, not to say rollicking, rondo are special favourites. Played by Madame Néruda and Miss Agnes Zimmermann, with as much insight into the meaning of the music as capacity for its execution, the sonata was the success of the evening, and the ladies had to reappear in acknowledgment of unanimous applause. Haydn's quartet in B flat major (op. 76)—one of the best examples of the good old master—completed the trio of concerted pieces. Miss Zimmermann's solo was Mozart's sonata in A minor—the one easily recognisable by its brilliant *presto* finale. The choice of Mozart's pianoforte works demands something like courage now-a-days. They are not emotional enough, not sufficiently marked by "sound and fury," to please the "popular" taste of the age. To play Mozart or the older masters is therefore to run some risk, from the executant's point of view; and, though the danger is smallest at these concerts, we rarely have to record the fact that it has been braved. The more does Miss Zimmermann deserve thanks for treating her audience to an example of the "divine" musician. That she played every bar like a true and conscient-

tious as well as able artist needs no telling. The vocalist was Miss Thecla Friedländer, who again introduced, among other things, Bach's song, "Willst du dein Herz mir schenken?" Charmingly sung, this interesting example of the grave Cantor in his lighter mood elicited an encore not to be denied. Miss Friedländer is fortunate in having been the means of bringing before the English public a quaintly graceful trifle which is now certain to secure popularity.—*Daily Telegraph*, Nov. 30.

PROMENADE CONCERTS.

The Promenade Concerts at Covent Garden Theatre, conducted with such spirit and enterprise by Messrs A. and S. Gatti, came to an end on Saturday night with an excellent programme, which brought together a very large audience. Among the chief attractions was the first appearance at these entertainments of the Russian pianist, Mad. Essipoff, who played the *Rhapsodie Hongroise* of Liszt, and fairly took the audience by storm. Mad. Essipoff has this music at her fingers' ends, and executes it with a facility little short of prodigious. Being unanimously encored, she substituted another piece, which was equally successful. There were two grand "selections" for the orchestra—the one from Gounod's *Faust* (by the late Alfred Mellon), the other from the still popular *Grande Duchesse de Gerolstein*. These served to exhibit conspicuously the ability of some of the foremost instrumentalists Signor Ardit, the well-known conductor, has under his control—the solos for flute (Mr Young), oboe (Mr Horton), clarinet (Mr Egerton), trombone (Mr Geard), ophicleide (Mr Hughes), and cornet-à-pistons (Mr Reynolds), being all given in such a manner as to create the liveliest impression. Then, in these selections, as in others during the evening—quick marches by Herr Gunzl and Signor Ardit included—the admirable band of the Coldstream Guards, under the direction of Mr Fred. Godfrey, figured conspicuously. Overtures by Auber and Hérold (*Marco Spada* and the *Pré aux Clercs*), some of the ballet music from Schubert's *Rosamunde*, a "Torch March" by Meyerbeer, the orchestral arrangement of Weber's *Invitation à la Valse*, the bustling *Tarentella Napolitana* of the late Jullien, and a new galop, "Down the Road" by Mr T. Harper, were also in the programme. The singers were Miss Joyce Maas and Mr J. H. Pearson. The very effective manner in which Mr Pearson gave Sir Henry Bishop's time-worn, but never unwelcome, recitative and air "Orynthia"—or, rather, as it is more familiarly styled, "Pilgrim of Love"—deserved all the applause it obtained. This young English tenor is making rapid progress.

The managers of the Covent Garden Promenade Concerts have deserved well of their supporters. The greatest variety has been exhibited in their selections. We have had, Wednesday after Wednesday, during the entire season, what is the habit to style "Classical Nights," after the form invented years ago by Jullien, the whole of the first part of the programme being devoted to the works of one of the universally esteemed great masters. More than this, the works produced on such occasions have almost invariably been intrusted to artists of eminence, to whom they were necessarily familiar—violinists including such performers as Herr Wilhelmj, Mad. Norman-Neruda, &c.; pianists among whom it will suffice to mention Signor Rendano, Herr Stöger, Miss Kate Roberts, Mdlle Mehlig, and Mad. Essipoff; singers, comprising in the list Misses Rose Hersee, Edith Wynne, Blanche Cole, José Sherrington, and Alice Fairman, Mdlles Heilbron and Bianchi, Mad. Rose Perkins, Mr Edward Lloyd, &c.; solo performers like Mr Lazarus (clarinet), Mr John Thomas (harp), and others too many to specialize—an orchestra as artistically efficient as it was numerically strong, with Messrs Burnett and Viotti Collins as leading violins, with such a skilful and experienced director as Signor Ardit at their head, everything was done that could easily be done to merit and insure success. Although Saturday night's entertainment was virtually the last of the ordinary series, an extra concert was given on Monday evening, for the benefit of Messrs Gatti, with a well-varied programme, including, among other things, two movements from what is generally accepted as Chopin's first pianoforte concerto—played by Mad. Essipoff.

[Dec. 4, 1875.]

THE DEATH OF SHELLEY.

(To the Editor of the "Times.")

Sir,—I have been requested by Mr. Trelawney (who is at present out of town) to offer to you for publication the enclosed extract from a letter addressed to him by his daughter on the 22nd inst., throwing new light on the circumstances under which the illustrious poet, Shelley, was drowned in 1822. Mr. Trelawney (as all who know anything about Shelley are aware) was more closely conversant than any one else with the incidents immediately preceding and following the poet's death, and he gives credit to this new and painfully important disclosure on the subject. In writing to me he says:—"This account so exactly corresponds with the event that I think it solves that which for half a century has been a mystery."—Your faithful servant,

56, Euston Square, S.W., Nov. 29.

WM. M. ROSSETTI.

"Rome, November 22nd, 1875.

"MY DEAR FATHER,—I have just heard something that will interest you. A little while ago there died at Spezia an old sailor, who, in his last confessions to the priest (whom he told to make it public), stated that he was one of the crew that ran down the boat containing Shelley and Williams, which was done under the impression that the rich 'mild' Byron' was on board, with lots of money. They did not intend to sink the boat, but to board her and murder Byron. She sank, he said, as soon as she was struck. This account was sent to my friends, the K.—s, by a person they are intimate with, who lives at Spezia, and, I believe, knows the priest."

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

Exeter Hall never wears a more attractive aspect than when the zealous chorus and thoroughly-trained orchestra of the Sacred Harmonic Society assemble under the guidance of their eminent chief. On Friday week we had nothing new, and therefore nothing that calls for minute description. Nevertheless, the programme included two of those masterpieces which have conferred honour upon sacred art—masterpieces that will live as long as music is recognized as a medium of expression where the sentiments to be expressed are of the loftiest and holiest. These were Mendelssohn's *Lobgesang* ("Hymn of Praise") and Mozart's unequalled *Requiem*. We name them in the order in which they were presented, not minding comparisons with regard to their respective merits, inasmuch as both admirably serve their intended purpose, and, differing as they do in style and workmanship, are quite entitled to companionship.

The hall was crowded in every part, and the accustomed welcome was accorded to Sir Michael Costa, on his taking his place at the conductor's desk. Rarely has greeting been more worthily bestowed, as the subsequent performance of the *Lobgesang* attested. The chorus were in finer force than we remember them to have been for years. More striking instances of what can be effected by a multitude of voices, well disciplined and under the control of one firm and despotic will, could hardly be imagined than the opening and concluding choruses in the *Hymn of Praise*—"All that have life and breath, sing to the Lord," and "Ye nations offer to the Lord glory and might," or than the magnificent outburst of thanksgiving, "The night is departed, the day is approaching," with the following impressive *chorale*, the orchestral conduct and development of which show how, more than any other composer, Mendelssohn was imbued with the spirit of John Sebastian Bach. With the playing of the orchestra (M. Sainton again holding the post of leading violin) not a fault could be found. The three instrumental movements which imposingly usher in the choral part of the work, and develop with wonderful power and ingenuity the leading theme—a conspicuous feature from beginning to end—were executed with a spirit, taste, and precision that would have delighted Mendelssohn himself, difficult as he was to satisfy when dreaming of an ideal performance simply existing in his own mind. The *allegro agitato* (middle movement of the three) was nothing short of perfection. In the solo vocal parts Madame Lemmens-Sherrington and Mr Edward Lloyd highly distinguished themselves—the former in the melodious air,

with chorus, "Praise thou the Lord, O my spirit" (twin sister to "Jerusalem" in *St Paul*), the latter in the picturesque and dramatic episode, "Watchman, will the night soon pass?" as happy an after-thought of Mendelssohn's as the unaccompanied trio, "Lift thine eyes to the mountains," or the chorus, "Woe to him! he shall perish," the climax of the scene between Jezebel and the infuriated people, in *Elijah*. What is to be said about the *Requiem* of Mozart? Nothing that has not been said over and over again. To criticize it would be absurd, to praise it superfluous. How it is ordinarily given under the direction of Sir Michael Costa, at Exeter Hall, need not be told. The choruses were finely delivered, with scarcely an exception; while the three quartets (including the unsurpassable "Recordare Jesu pie") could not well have been intrusted to more competent interpreters than Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Miss Enriquez, Messrs E. Lloyd and Wadmore. Thus, the absence of novelty allowed for, a more promising "inauguration" of a Sacred Harmonic season could not have been desired.

Handel's too seldom heard oratorio, *Deborah*, is announced for Friday next.

ARABELLA GODDARD.

(From the "Washington National Republic.")

Arabella Goddard is a name alone powerful enough to attract the cultivated and critical everywhere, a name which stands among the greatest and brightest, for whom wonderful achievement has crowned the rarest talent with the laurels of victory. Of all the *virtuosi* on that inexhaustible instrument, the pianoforte, she exhibited at the earliest age the most distinguished talents, and it is not an exaggeration to say that none of her sex have so thoroughly mastered the resources of the "beautiful cold keys." With no more effort at manual display or at the physical attraction in performance, she, more than any other contemporary, seems the reverent servant and student and exponent of her noble art. The power and fineness of her expression and inimitable tone, her "clinging" and winning touch of the instrument alone express her native aptitude to its use. Absorbed by the spirit of her music, delighted, as she is delighting, in its accurate and vivid interpretation, she, in a singular degree, discloses the comprehensive capacities of the piano. Beethoven, Bach, Weber, Mendelssohn, and Mozart have not been before so powerfully and thoroughly interpreted as by the keen perceptions and swift fingers of Madame Goddard. Her earlier successes and triumphs were due in a great degree to her masterly conception and finish of execution in the performance of the music of Beethoven not often essayed. In accuracy and power of expression, as well as in her perfectly controlling and delicate manipulation, she is unrivalled. Her undemonstrative, easy, and self-contained manner is not the least of her many gifts and attractions. Such talents, such accomplishments, such successes as those which have marked the career of this wonderful musician, command the admiration of all the world, and make her cosmopolitan. In India, China, Australia, and California she has won the reward of genius. The audience gave her remarkable attention, seeming to appreciate the talent which can so thoroughly express every *nuance* of the great composer's meaning in the performance of the fantasia from *Masaniello*. Nothing could surpass the delicacy and expression of the music as her magic fingers interwove the fairy-notes. All critics and musically-experienced people asserted with unlimited eulogy the execution of Madame Goddard to be entirely unrivaled and unapproachable in perfection of touch and expression. Her position as pianist is perfect in its exaltation, and justly claims the world's applause. The quiet absorption of her manner, while, without notes, seeming to exist in, and for, the beautiful music which her memory gave to her fingers—those white and marvellous fingers—was a splendid lesson to such tyros as imagine digital pyrotechnics to constitute artistic playing. The control over the audience exacted by her performance of *Masaniello*, was most remarkable in their silence, and the tardy re-action of attention which prevented the enforcement of an encore surely deserved. She fairly scattered the senses of her hearers.

"Come into the Garden, Maud!"

(Dedicated to the Poet Laureate.)



DR SHIPPING.—Where is the "Maud" that could resist that voice

DR QUINCE.—Or where the "Pretty Jane"

DR GUSH.—Or where the "Adelaide"

DR FOX.—Nowhere

[Dec. 4, 1875.]

**MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS,
ST JAMES'S HALL.**

EIGHTEENTH SEASON, 1875-76.

DIRECTOR—MR S. ARTHUR CHAPPELL.

THE NINTH CONCERT OF THE SEASON

WILL TAKE PLACE ON

MONDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 6, 1875.

To commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

Programme.

PART I.

QUARTET in E minor, Op. 44, No. 2, for two violins, viola, and violoncello—MM. WILHELMJ, L. RIES, ZERBINI, and DAUBERT *Mendelssohn.*

SONG, "The Passing Bell"—Miss ENRIQUEZ Tours.

PRELUDE and FUGUE in E minor, for pianoforte alone—Mdme ANNETTE ESSIPOFF *Mendelssohn.*

PART II.

CHACONNE for violin alone—Herr WILHELMJ Bach.

SONGS, { "The Question" } Miss ENRIQUEZ Schubert.

QUARTET in E flat, Op. 47, for pianoforte, violin, viola, and violoncello—Mdme ANNETTE ESSIPOFF, MM. WILHELMJ, ZERBINI, *Schumann.* and DAUBERT

Conductor Sir JULIUS BENEDICT.

SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, DECEMBER 4, 1875.

To commence at Three o'clock precisely.

Programme.

QUARTET in B flat (No. 3 of the set dedicated to Haydn), for two violins, viola, and violoncello—MM. STRAUS, L. RIES, ZERBINI, and DAUBERT *Mozart.*

NEW SONGS, { "Dancing lightly" } W. Sterndale Bennett.

Mr SHAKESPEARE.

BALLADE in F minor, for pianoforte alone—Mdme ANNETTE ESSIPOFF *Chopin.*

MINUETTO, GAVOTTA, CANTABILE, and GIGA, for violin, with pianoforte accompaniment—Herr STRAUS Veracini.

SONG, "Un aura amorosa"—Mr SHAKESPEARE Mozart.

TRIO in C minor, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello (first time at the Popular Concerts)—Madame ANNETTE ESSIPOFF, MM. STRAUS and DAUBERT Raff.

Conductor Sir JULIUS BENEDICT.

NOTICE.
ERRATUM.—In "QUEEN MAE'S FLOWER-SONG," printed last week, the third line of second stanza should read, "This charming flow'ret meek," (not "fragrant flow'ret meek").

NOTICE.
To ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery. With this number of the MUSICAL WORLD Subscribers will receive four pages extra, and again, from TIME TO TIME, as expediency may suggest.

**The Musical World,
LONDON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1875.**

Dialogues in Purgatory.



Dr Serpent.—So the "Monday Pops." are haunted?

Dr Ghost.—How haunted?

Dr Serpent.—By vexed spirits.

Dr Ghost.—What spirits?

Dr Serpent.—Spirits of Dussek, Wolff, Clementi, &c.

Dr Ghost.—That's a while ago. S. A. C. has laid them all.

Dr Serpent.—How?

Dr Ghost.—By aid of the "Three R's."

Dr Serpent.—But "A. G." when she comes back, can raise 'em up again.

Dr Ghost.—She is *not* coming back; or the "Three R's" would incontinently skedaddle. Eh?

Dr Serpent.—Ah!

Dr Ghost.—Oh!

(Both vanish.)

ARABELLA AND THE DII MINORES.

(From "Concordia.")

It is necessary to be discreet when passing on the gossip which appears in the lively and imaginative journals of the United States. Under "all reserves," therefore, do we now give currency to a transatlantic newspaper rumour that Madame Arabella Goddard purposes a year's visit to her native land, and then intends settling in California. Everybody will be delighted at one thing implied by this news, namely, that Madame Goddard, in the course of her world-wanderings, has found at least one country and people so attractive that she would fain make with it and them a life-long alliance. But we sincerely trust that the news itself is untrue—a mere phantom of some hard-up paragraphist's brain. The hope of all who value English art and artists—we wish there were more of us!—was that Madame Goddard, moved by the fact that "absence makes the heart grow fonder," might return to England disposed to withdraw her formal secession from our concert-rooms, and take her old place. But would the public be disposed to sanction the withdrawal? Indeed, yes—all of them, that is, who are entitled to a potential voice in the matter. We want her back, that we may once more have amongst us an artist willing and able to bring forth new things from old stores. All the Dii minores among composers, and some of their betters, have been crying out for her any time these three years, vexing St James's Hall with their restless shades, and saying, "Here are pianists in plenty, but they will touch nothing below Beethoven, nor above his imitators. Where is our favourite, through whom we have won recognition and honour again and again?" For answer comes the report of a settlement in California. Alas! poor ghosts!

**On Foggy English, Beer-drinking Germans,
Incomparable Yankees, and Higher
Development.**

AN HOUR WITH VON BÜLOW.

THE GREAT PIANIST'S FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF AMERICA.

(From the *New York Sun*, Nov. 17th.)

Why Bergmann Withdrew in Boston—Von Bülow's Opinion of American Audiences and American Newspapers—Condemning the Beer-Drinking Habits of his Countrymen.

A SMALL gentleman, with very small feet and a rather large head, on the top of which the brown hair was thin, stood in the centre of a pleasant parlour on West Sixteenth Street yesterday, bowing politely. His face was one which has gazed at the public from lithographs and plaster casts in store-windows for the past month, only the lithographs and casts have never given any idea of the ever-changing expression of the face and the sharp gleam of the gray eyes. The gentleman was Dr Hans von Bülow, the pianist.

"I fear you have come in a bad time," said he, seating himself. "I slept not half-an-hour last night, and have consequently been taking a nap. So I fear I am not half awake." The pianist spoke with a strong accent, rather a French than a German accent, and he sometimes seemed at a loss for a word; but, when he found it, it was just the right word. His voice was strong, and his manner quick and nervous. If he was half asleep then, he is certainly remarkable when awake.

"Oh, no," he continued, "you haven't disturbed me. I have slept enough, but I was very nervous yesterday, and the reaction kept me awake. I had a great deal of anxiety about the orchestra and the leader, Dr Damrosch. I had known him in Weimar when he was the leader in the orchestra over which Liszt wielded the baton, and, after he came to this country, I knew that he had been busy with the Arion Society and the Handel and Haydn Society in Brooklyn, and therefore had not had so much experience in conducting orchestras and choruses; so I had some anxiety. But the Doctor did well, and the orchestra under his direction was excellent, far better than the one in Boston under Bergmann. I do not mean to say that the individual musicians in the Boston orchestra were not as good as those here. The whole fault lay with Mr Bergmann, who did not seem to take the least interest in the concerts, not near as much as in drinking lager beer. Bergmann is much over-estimated here, and if I can do anything toward placing him where he belongs I shall be glad to do so."

A Pianist's Trials.

"Now in Boston he was to meet me on Friday, to talk over our arrangements. He did not come until after the Saturday's rehearsal had begun. Then he promised to see me on Sunday. It was a bright, fine day, and I needed a walk, but I waited all day, and he did not come. He preferred to spend the time in drinking with his friends. I had told him that I wished to make my suggestions to him, and then he could make them to the orchestra; thus his dignity would not be impaired. When we came to the Monday's rehearsal he made such bad work that I had to make the suggestions to the orchestra myself. This displeased him.

"Then at a concert his actions showed not the least interest," continued the Doctor, lighting a cigarette, and walking the floor nervously, as he remembered his trials. "I was delighted with my audience; I saw in the people such receptivity, such appreciation. I saw an opportunity to interpret the masters to them; and then when I began to play, Bergmann said aloud to some of the musicians, 'Let us go get some refreshments;' and he took away with him six of the gentlemen to a tavern. When they came back, the musicians were half tipsy. I was enraged, and finally I brought about a quarrel, and Bergmann resigned."

"One of the first to welcome me in Boston was Prof. Lang, whom I had met in Europe. I had forgotten him, but saw in his face intelligence. He was at the rehearsal when Bergmann resigned. 'Will you assume the baton?' I asked of him. 'I do not know that I can please you,' said he; but I told him to take it. The next day we talked the programme over, and at the concert there was a great improvement in the playing of the orchestra. My agent has telegraphed, asking him to lead the orchestra in Philadelphia, as Dr Damrosch is too busily engaged to go."

His Opinion of American Audiences.

"And what about American audiences, Dr Von Bülow?"

"I do not want to say too much," said he, stopping in his walk and re-lighting the cigarette which had been put out by the rapid current of his conversation. "I do not want to say too much, but I am perfectly delighted with them. There seems to be a combination of all the characteristics of other nations. There is the utmost reciprocity and appreciation. In this they resemble the Italians; but the Italians seem to stop there, and have no wish to learn. The Americans seem as desirous to be taught as they are quick to perceive. Then there is quite evident a spirit of reverence for the very names of the old masters. This is seen not only in audiences but in the newspaper reports. I am much pleased with the way in which they are written. There seems to be such a spirit of reverence, even when the writer was evidently not a musician. And does not the *Book*, which I am sorry to say I do not read very often, say that 'Reverence for the masters is the beginning of wisdom'?"

[*The Book also says, "Do unto others as —," &c.—Dr Ghost.*]

"Your newspaper enterprise is a great wonder to me. The idea of reading in the morning a carefully-written criticism of a concert in which you played only eight hours before! I wrote to a friend in Germany, from Hartford, and asked him if Germany could do anything like that. 'Here in a comparatively small city,' I said, 'there are three papers, and in the morning after my concert I read the reports. Is it possible in Germany?' He writes me in wonder, 'It is not possible in Germany.' There our critics would be tired after the concert, and would go and eat and drink beer."

[*It was possible, and is even now, for London critics not only to write long and interesting articles on the night of a performance, but also to eat chops, steaks, tripe, sausages, &c. (oysters included), and drink stout beer (viz., "stout"), when there was no Ullman and Palmer to offer them anything choicer.—Dr Ghost.*]

He objects to Beer-Drinking.

"That is the great fault with my countrymen," said the Doctor, frowning, "the beer drinking. They do not get drunk like the Irish people, but they drink until their blood becomes sluggish and their brains stupid. I like the *vit* of you Americans—the—what shall I say?—what do you call it—the 'ginger'?" You see I am full of slang. I speak very poor English. When I was in England the pronunciation there was so unmusical as to be very distasteful to me, and I gave up attempting to learn the language (!!!) Since coming to this country I see its beauties, and am learning it. As I said, I like the American enterprise. It extends to everything. Dr Damrosch tells me that two years ago there were twenty members in the Handel and Haydn Society in Brooklyn; now there are 200. That could never happen in Germany. I attended a meeting of the Arion Choral Society last Sunday, and heard them sing some difficult music in an admirable manner. In Germany a choral society of men like the Arion becomes more a drinking society than a musical one. They worship the god *Gambrinus* more than Apollo.

[*Who, by St Idiot, is Gambrinus?*—Dr Ghost.]

"It is a question with me," said the pianist, taking a fresh cigarette, and resuming his walk; "it is a question whether America will soon produce a great composer. It is not necessary. The field is not yet open for new composers. Even in Germany the resources of the old masters have not been developed. Wagner had that in

[Dec. 4, 1875.]

mind when he told the King of Bavaria that he must have better music schools in which to train artists to produce the works of the masters. That's what you need here. Goethe—no, Schiller—says (Do you know German?—‘No; I don't know that I can translate it.’) something like this: ‘When the King builds, the workmen must be busy.’ Well, the kings have builded, and builded well; we need the workmen now. There are no great composers in England—none that will live. Bennett is a miniature Mendelssohn. Balfe has written sweetly sometimes, and Sullivan, too; but their works can't last. By the way [soap for Sullivan.—Dr Ghost], Sullivan's burlesque, *The Trial by Jury*, with the words by M. S. Gilbert, is a most charming little thing. Go and hear it if you ever get an opportunity. It only takes three-quarters of an hour, and it is delightful, both poem and music.”

Secrets of the Piano Trade.

[*Sacred ground. Here, before replying, the learned Doctor reverently takes off his shoes, and treads softly in slippers.—Ghost.*]

“How are you pleased with American pianos?” was asked. The Doctor immediately, evidently misunderstanding the question, said: “I of course had no part in the piano war. That was the affair of Dr Ullmann and Mr Henry D. Palmer, my managers. Rubinstein was urged to use the Steinway by his manager, Grau, to whom Steinway paid 20,000 dollars. But Rubinstein said to me, after it was decided that I should use the Chickering, that he was glad I was to use it, because the Steinways were not gentlemen, and it would be unpleasant for me to have to meet them. I find the Chickering to be perfect gentlemen. I can illustrate the spirit of the other firm. When Rubinstein was here, his picture, with ‘Steinway Hall’ on it, was hung in the window of the Chickering. When my portraits were distributed, one was taken to the Steinways’, and hung in their window. Half-an-hour afterward a musician came in, and one of the firm asked him to take it down and carry it away. ‘We don't want the thing here,’ he said, ‘but we and our attachés don't care to take it down; you do us this favour.’ Another illustration. There is now going the rounds of the German papers in the West a paragraph that originally appeared in a third-class German paper in this city, saying, ‘Von Bülow is not an artist, but an advertisement for a certain piano firm. He is not a great pianist, but a travelling agent.’ That illustrates the character of the Steinways.”

The Doctor Practising.

“Before coming over here,” the Doctor continued, “I was two months on the Isle of Wight almost in solitary confinement, with a Chickering piano which was sent to me. I say, as an artist, without prejudice, that they are the best pianos in the world, taking everything into consideration. We have pianos in Germany of splendid tone, but the action is not perfect. In certain movements like this I cannot play as I would like to on the German piano.” (The Doctor illustrated with his fingers on the centre table, and with many ta-ta-ta with his voice.) “On those pianos I have to play as the piano permits. On the Chickering I play just as I wish.”

[*Which might not satisfy Steinway.—Dr Ghost.*]

“This is what I use in my room,” said he, placing a piano keyboard, of not more than two octaves, on the table. “It don't disturb my neighbours, and does my fingers good.”

“I have noticed a great difference between Americans and English in regard to musical talent. I left Munich in 1869, on account of my health, and went to Florence. There I taught. I had not had time to play much while in Munich, and had unlearned my piano playing. I took it up again in 1870, so you see I am really one of the youngest players. As I said, I taught; and my pupils were the American and English girls visiting the city. There was the greatest difference in these pupils. I could soon tell, without seeing them, whether an American or an English girl was playing. The Americans put very much more soul into their playing. There was just the difference that there is between Arabella Goddard and

Adelaide Schiller.* Arabella Goddard plays correctly; you can find no mistakes; but it is the playing of an automaton, with no more soul than one of Madame Tussaud's wax figures. Adelaide Schiller does not play so correctly, perhaps [*No more does Hans von Bülow.* —Dr Ghost], but there's soul and expression in her playing.”

Why Rubinstein failed in London.

“Do you know Arabella Goddard? She tyrannised over London for years. Her husband, Mr Davison, was musical critic of —[some London paper.—Dr Ghost]. Rubinstein went to London and failed. Why? Because Davison would not allow any other pianist than his wife to exist. My success in London was not due to my talents being superior to Rubinstein's, but to the fact that London had ceased to be under the tutelage of Davison.

“A friend of mine said to me, ‘When I hear a blind person play or sing, I am touched to the heart.’ I said, ‘It is not so with me; for a blind musician always executes in a stiff, soulless manner.’ No person can be a musician who cannot see the sunlight. It is much the same thing in England; they have a sunless sky and soulless musicians. To be a musician, one must see colour. It is no accident that causes painters to speak of ‘tones’ in their compositions, and for musicians to speak of ‘colour’ in theirs. There is an intimate relation between colour and sound. Beethoven was deaf; but his deafness did not affect his compositions. Had he been blind, it would have been far different.

“But I have not told you one reason for my excitement last evening,” said the Doctor, in concluding. “I was almost overcome by the warmth of the reception the audience gave me. I was well received in Boston, and I expected the same here; but the applause was three times as great as I had expected. It was a great pleasure to me to see the ladies also clapping their hands so earnestly. I was so surprised that I lost my memory for the time, and at night, as I told you, I could not sleep. Were you at the concert?—‘No.’ You must come, and to the rehearsals, too. We have them every morning at ten o'clock.”

[And so the author of *YOU HAVE HEARD OF THEM* went.—D. PETERS.]

—o—

LETTER FROM HANS DE BÜLOW.

(To the Editor of the “Music Trade Review.”)

Monsieur,—Votre journal du 3 nov. (pag. 9, No. 41) me fait l'honneur de s'occuper d'une “Marche héroïque” au sujet de laquelle j'offre les observations suivantes, non pour une rectification, mais plutôt pour une confirmation de ce que votre critique beaucoup trop indulgente d'ailleurs pour ce “péché de jeunesse” dit très justement, à propos de la “composition” de cette bagatelle. Lors de mes premières débuts en 1853 un éditeur à Pesth (Hongrie) M. Roszavölgyi, lequel avait eu la bonté de m'arranger mes concerts, vint me demander de lui “composer” une marche pour le piano sur des motifs d'un opéra hongrois, très en vogue alors (“Hunyady László” de F. Erkel).

Le titre de l'original (vendu ensuite par la maison de Pesth à la maison Schott de Mayence) indique clairement et explicitement la source de l'inspiration.”

Je ne saurus peindre l'étonnement qui me prit, en voyant tout à coup après presqu'un entier quart de siècle d'intervalle revivre cette méchante pièce d'occasion, revivre grâce aux soins “désobligeants” d'un éditeur de Boston, lequel en se passant de mon autorisation, pour publier ce morceau, aurait bien pu se passer aussi de la liberté d'en défigurer le titre!

Ce n'est point la première “innocente piraterie” de ce genre, laquelle m'arrive de la part des éditeurs de musique de ce pays—très vraisemblablement ce ne sera pas non plus la dernière. Mais l'occasion me semble favorable, de protester une fois pour toutes contre ces “pirateries” (disons “plaisanteries”) au moins moralement, puisque je ne pourrais le faire judiciairement.—Votre très dévoué serviteur,

Hartford, ce 7 nov. 1875.

HANS DE BÜLOW.

* Query?—Madeleine Schiller!—C. R.

WHO was Margery Daw? Was she Margery Daw *née* Smith or Jones? Had she a different patronymic before being known by that of Daw? In other words, was she single or was she married? Was she, perhaps, a widow? Why did she sell her bed and lie upon straw, as the legend informs us she did? What impelled her to adopt so apparently ill-advised a course? Must we attribute her act to mere caprice, or was poverty at the bottom of it? Again, if so, were her straitened circumstances the result of misfortune, or were they brought on by a partiality for liquids more spirituous than tea and coffee? These are questions which it is difficult, nay, impossible, to answer. We cannot say that we greatly regret the fact, because, to tell the truth, we do not care much about Margery; indeed, we do not care anything at all about her, that is to say, about her antecedents, family ties, or social status. We simply mentioned her because the well-known lines:—

"See-saw,
Margery Daw,"

suggested to our mind that the favourite game with which her name has been handed down to us is not confined to the nursery, nor, like Badminton, Croquet, Lawn Tennis, and the mysterious Spheristiké, restricted to these realms.

There is a good deal more See-Sawing in the world than people generally suspect, and the primitive plank or ladder, on the ends of which the players sit, while alternately ascending or descending through space, is often replaced by public opinion, private caprice, self-interest, and a thousand other substitutes too numerous to mention, as the case may be. In the particular instance to which we would direct attention, one end of the plank or ladder was in New York and the other in Brussels.

Thanks to the safe and frequent communication maintained between Europe and the United States, chiefly by the enterprising steamship companies, whose Commanders have shown themselves more experienced adepts in the management of the "tea-kettle" than the Officers of Her Majesty's Ironclads and private Yacht, the Great Republic has, for some time past, been brought nearer and nearer to us. At present, it may almost be said to constitute an integral portion of the Old World. Large numbers of Americans are to be found in London, Paris, Vienna, Berlin, and other capitals, great and small, on this side of the Atlantic. On their return, the wanderers take with them to their native land a taste for much that they have seen and heard during their visit. To these, and to other causes, is due the marked progress recently made by art, especially music, in the States. Under the circumstances, Italian Opera became a necessity, and the law: that the demand creates the supply, speedily received a fresh exemplification. Entire Italian lyric companies were shipped off like so many bales of cotton goods for India or so much ammunition for Don Carlos, while operatic stars of the first magnitude shone resplendently in regions where, not very long ago, Fenimore Cooper's guileless and interesting heroes followed the exciting but innocent sport of scalping such Pale-Faces as fell into their hands.

In the Empire City, as its inhabitants love to style New York, Italian Opera appeared as firmly established as it is in Bow Street, and shortly will be on the Thames Embankment. But appearances are once more as deceptive as ever. Saturn eat his children; Italian Opera in America devours its managers. So, at least, says M. Maurice Strakosch, in a letter he lately addressed to the New York press. Foreseeing the fate in store for him, under the existing state of things, and not being endowed with a taste for pecuniary martyrdom, he suggested a Subscription List as a panacea

for the evils of which he complains, promising, as our readers may have seen in the MUSICAL WORLD of November 13th, that, if his idea be adopted, he will give a lyric season "worthy of the most important city in the New World."

Here we behold in full play the See-Saw principle to which I have alluded. While M. Maurice Strakosch is recommending a Subscription List to the Exquisites of Broadway and the Belles of the Fifth, or Sixth, or Something-th Avenue, certain persons in Brussels are strenuously advocating the entire abolition of such Lists. They assign various reasons for the position they have chosen. They urge that the Subscription system is good neither for managers nor the public. They dilate upon the objectionable conduct in which Subscribers not seldom indulge, by expressing loudly and unbecomingly their opinions, to the discomfort of Non-Subscribers around them. Then, say the opponents of the system, if a manager has had a hit, he naturally desires to make the most of it. He wishes to run a successful piece a long time. But his Subscribers object. They do not want to sit out the same piece over and over again. They insist on a frequent change of entertainment, and the manager is compelled to bow to their will.

We are sorry to learn that Subscribers to the first theatre of Brussels—for it is against the patrons of the Monnaie that the charge is levelled—should transgress the laws of good breeding. But their misbehaviour does not affect the argument. We have witnessed more than once in the gallery and even pit of a London theatre some extremely free fights by gentlemen who certainly never signed a Subscription List in their lives, and probably never will. With regard to the assertion that a Subscription is advantageous neither to public nor manager, we answer that, in our opinion, it is, or might be rendered, beneficial to both.

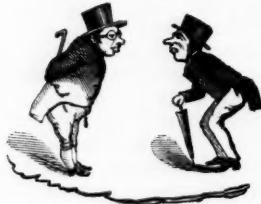
The fact is, no manager, not even so experienced a manager as M. Maurice Strakosch, appears to perceive of what immense development the Subscription system is susceptible. Like telegraphy, steam, and the employment of cork as an article of clothing, it is yet in its infancy. As yet it is not understood, and, consequently, not appreciated. Englishmen are surprised at the admirable manner in which operas and plays are represented at the Grand Ducal Theatre in the tiny capital of Schinkenhausen, or the Stadttheater in the old, but not large, city of Handelsdorf. They wonder how the thing can be done. The secret is that the manager has a Subscription List. He may, it is true, be in the receipt of a subvention from the Grand Duke or the Corporation. He has, likewise, the general public. But his mainstay is his Subscription List. He does not depend upon chance custom solely. He boasts of a large circle of regular customers, drawn from all classes of society save the poorest. If a person cannot take a whole Subscription, or "Abonnement," as it is termed—the French word has been naturalised in Fatherland—he or she takes a half, or a third, or a fourth, or even an eighth, according to his or her means, each "Abonnement" being, ordinarily, valid for a month. By this device, people who would never think of attending a theatrical performance, do so regularly at stated intervals; the manager secures a large *clientèle*; and the Theatre becomes an essential element in the life of the place.

Why should we not profit by the hint thus given us? Why not put it into practice on a still more comprehensive scale? Why not apply to our artistic and intellectual requirements the system which works so satisfactorily when employed for the supply of our material wants? In short, why not enlarge the extent of our operatic and dramatic enjoyment by the principle of Co-operation?

Englishmen are not at present sufficiently continentalised to pocket, on leaving a Café, the sugar for which they have paid but which they have not consumed with their *demi-tasse*. They have, however, become wise enough, when a couple of them dine together, not to esteem it snobbish to divide one portion into two, and thus increase the variety of the dishes without augmenting the price. Let the same sensible plan be introduced into matters theatrical. Both managers and the public would profit thereby.

R. K.

Episodes on Change.



DR SHIPPING.—Why—I don't believe a word of it.
DR QUINCE.—Well—what don't you believe?
DR SHIPPING.—Why—that Tietjens was interviewed.
DR QUINCE.—Well—Bülow was interviewed.
DR SHIPPING.—Tietjens did not say that "Arabella" was a "mere automaton."
DR QUINCE.—Nor that "Sterndale" was a "Mendelssohn in miniature"; but—
DR SHIPPING (hastily).—But what?
DR QUINCE.—Zare Thalberg?
DR SHIPPING.—And Christine Nilsson?
DR QUINCE.—Well—I don't believe a word of that either.
DR SHIPPING.—Why—of course not!
DR QUINCE.—Let us be consoled.
DR SHIPPING.—How consoled?
DR QUINCE.—I don't know.
DR SHIPPING.—Nor I.
DR QUINCE.—Well—I suppose 'tis all right, or wrong?
DR SHIPPING.—Why—or vice versa.
DR QUINCE.—Poor Bülow!
DR SHIPPING.—Poor Tietjens!
DR QUINCE.—Poor Sterndale!
DR SHIPPING.—Poor Arabella!
DR QUINCE.—We shall see!
DR SHIPPING.—Why—what shall we see?
DR QUINCE.—Well—what we ~~shall~~ see.
(*Exeunt severally—"about Turkish."*)

MADAME ESSIPOFF'S RECITALS.—We reserve until next week our remarks upon these brilliant and interesting performances, which are now the talk in all high class musical circles.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—On Friday next, this society will perform Handel's oratorio, *Deborah*. A work containing the Double Chorus, "Immortal Lord," and "See the proud chief," and airs, "In the battle fame pursuing," and "Tears such as tender fathers shed. Mdlle Levier, Miss Elton, Mr M. Smith, and Mr L. Thomas are the vocalists. On the following Friday (17th inst.), the forty-fourth annual Christmas *Messiah* performance will take place, when Mdme Nouver, Miss Enriquez, Mr Sims Reeves, Mr Fabrini, and Herr Behrens will sing, and Sir Michael Costa will conduct. The performance will be given at Exeter Hall.

MEININGEN.—Herr Leopold Grützmacher has accepted the post of first violoncellist in the Grand-Ducal orchestra at Weimar, for which town he will leave at the commencement of next year.

EISENACH.—According to the report just issued by the Committee, the amount already received, and temporarily placed out at interest, for the erection of a bronze statue here to Johann Sebastian Bach, has reached 33,600 marks. As at least 48,000 marks are requisite, the Committee earnestly beg all admirers of the great master to aid the work as much as they can, by getting up concerts, and adopting other suitable means, so that the monument may be inaugurated, at the latest, in 1885, on the 200th anniversary of Bach's birth.

Confabulations Confidential.



DR FOX (*gaily*).—So von Bülow has been interviewed?
DR GOOSE.—Yes, poor fellow!
DR FOX.—By whom?
DR GOOSE.—By the interviewer of the *New York Sun*.
DR FOX (*meditatively*).—That interviewer has a memory?
DR GOOSE.—It serves him at pinches—column and half or so at pinch.
DR FOX.—He writes shorthand?
DR GOOSE.—No;—long.
DR FOX.—How could he remember all von Bülow said?
DR GOOSE.—He didn't; Ullman and Palmer did.
DR FOX.—I am at wit's end.
DR GOOSE.—Chickering 'gainst Steinway.
DR FOX.—Old Hall 'gainst Young Hall?
DR GOOSE.—Ullman 'gainst Strakosch.
DR FOX.—Old Brush 'gainst Young Brush?
DR GOOSE.—Aged brushed both.
DR FOX.—Bülow finds all wrong in England?
DR GOOSE.—He didn't find all right.
DR FOX.—He smokes cigarettes.
DR GOOSE.—So does Sainton.
DR FOX.—But why is Sterndale a miniature Felix?
DR GOOSE.—Why Arabella a mere automaton?
DR FOX.—What has atmosphere to do with music?
DR GOOSE.—London is fairer than Berlin!
DR FOX.—England than Prussia!
DR GOOSE.—Rhine excepted.
DR FOX.—As Jolly had it, in an opera, at the Surrey,—
 "I care not for its waters,
 But I dearly love its wine."
DR GOOSE (*earnestly*).—I can't imagine Bülow saying anything of the kind.
DR FOX.—Too much of a gentleman to speak in disparaging terms of a lady he had never heard or seen.
DR GOOSE.—Too much of an artist to say, what the interviewer reports him to have said, about an English composer whose music he frequently played in public.
DR FOX.—Of his own free will—not at Bennett's solicitation?
DR GOOSE.—The idea of Sterndale soliciting any body!
DR FOX (*tenderly*).—May I repeat that I can't imagine it?
DR GOOSE (*with equal tenderness*).—You may. I am with you.
DR FOX.—Sup with me to-night?
DR GOOSE.—Not by no means?
(*Exeunt cordially—but severally.*)

TRISTE.—*I Lituani* has been produced very successfully at the Teatro Comunale. Sig. Faccio conducted. The composer, Sig. Ponchielli, was called on twenty-seven times the first night, and thirty-two the second.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

In describing a recent performance, under Mr Charles Hallé, of Mendelssohn's *St Paul* (in the Free Trade Hall), the *Manchester Guardian* of 26th November speaks as follows about Mr Sims Reeves's singing :—

" Last night, for the first time for some years, we had the pleasure of hearing the tenor music—with the exception of the narrative recitatives—sung by Mr Sims Reeves. Amongst the whole range of declamatory sacred music nothing finer than the oration of Stephen can be found, nor could be sung in a finer manner than by Mr Reeves. With him it is really a speech—he does not read it from his book like some, as if fearful of his next note; now he reasons, now persuades, and when, warming to his subject, he reminds them how—hard of heart like their fathers who persecuted the prophets—they themselves have slain the Just One, he rises to accents of scornful indignation which are interrupted—most naturally as we feel—by the muttered 'Stone him to death,' which, at first suggested by a single voice as it were, soon becomes the unanimous cry of the excited mob. While Mr Reeves can sing he will, in the intellectual character of his performances, be apparently without a rival; and the pleasure he thus produces is fortunately in a large measure independent of mere beauty of voice."

We hear that Mr Henry Gadsby has no less than three cantatas in MSS. ready for production, viz.: *The Golden Legend*, *Alice Brand* (words by Sir Walter Scott), and a setting of the 130th Psalm. We think this fact well worthy the attention of Mr Townshend, the honourable and experienced director of the Hereford Festival, who would do wisely (as he will, no doubt), to produce some novelty at what, for evident reasons, we cannot but by anticipation call the "Glorious meeting of 1876."

THE Governing body of Eton College have acceded to a proposition that the acquirement of the rudiments of music shall be made compulsory upon all boys in the lower division—more than one fourth of the school. As nearly every boy passes through that division, this is equivalent to making it obligatory on the whole school. The school numbers a thousand boys, the majority of whom may, in the course of a few years, be filling the highest positions; it will, therefore, be evident how great an advantage is gained by making them practically acquainted with the principles of an art hitherto neglected by our rulers and governing bodies.

A SERIES of the "National Music Meetings," for competition in high class music of every branch, will henceforth, we are informed, be held annually at one or other of the great central towns of England. Winners of prizes are expected, when occasion happens, to compete in London—which, as Mr Willert Beale, inventor and now sole conductor of the scheme, appropriately says, must thus become the final test of excellence. If managed with spirit and discretion, there is no reason why these National Music Meetings should not be productive of much good. The difficulty will be to get the judges so far from London as, for instance, Manchester, where the meetings are to be held next year.

AFTER announcing that three Italian composers, namely: the Cavaliere Lauro Rossi, Sig. Morales, and Sig. Bonamici, are engaged in setting operas entitled *Cleopatra*, some Italian papers inform their readers that there have already been three operas with the same name, one written by Cimarosa in 1775; one by Anfossi, in 1776; and one by Guglielmi, in 1798. On this the *Trovatore* remarks that the number of *Cleopatra* operas already performed is not three only but thirteen. P. Daniele Castrovilli produced a *Cleopatra* at Venice in 1662; in 1704, Herr Mattheson wrote one, with a German text, for the Theatre, Hamburg; Herr G. H. Graun composed another, also with German text, in 1742, at Berlin; a *Cleopatra*, by Danzi, was performed at Mannheim, in 1779; a *Cleopatra* by Weigl was brought out in 1807, at the Scala, Milan; and one by Paer at Paris in 1809. In 1813, yet another *Cleopatra*, from the pen of Sig. Nasolini, was produced by the Italian company in the same capital; there was one by Sig. De Combi, at Genoa, in 1842; one by Herr Truhn, at Berlin, in 1853; and one by the Baroness De Maistre.

THE receipts at the Grand Opera, Paris, from the commencement of January to the end of October, this year, amounted to 2,772,891 francs for 148 performances, making an average of 18,000 francs each performance. As the total expenses were only 11,000 francs a-night, M. Halanzier's gains in ten months have been half-a-million of francs. Fortunate M. Halanzier.

In a recent number of the *Perseveranza*, Sig. Filippo Filippi, the eminent musical critic, relates the following anecdote:

" When, last year, M. Halanzier came to Milan, for the purpose of engaging Mlle de Retzké, who has since proved so valuable an acquisition for the Opera, I had the honour of accompanying him to the Scala, and of describing to him the singular administrative system pursued there. The poor man could understand nothing of such a strange and complicated organization, in which everyone, including the Mayor, the Municipality, and the Committee, have a voice. He assured me that he himself would not submit to such an arrangement for four and twenty hours. 'I must be everything or nothing!' he exclaimed. Such an assertion," observes Sig. Filippi, "is very strong from the manager of a subsidised theatre, but no one can deny that, if things are to be done well and quickly, an *impresario* ought to enjoy as much freedom as possible."

WE now know why King Ludwig, of Bavaria, paid, last August, his mysterious visit to the ancient city of Rheims. A few days since, he had Schiller's *Jungfrau von Orleans* performed, without the slightest curtailment, *for himself only*, at the Court Theatre, Munich. The performance lasted from 6 p.m. to midnight. The object of his Majesty's trip to Rheims in the summer was simply to inspect the celebrated Cathedral where the Kings of France used to be crowned. Shortly after his Majesty's return, Herr Qualiglio, scenic artist at the Court Theatre, Munich, received instructions to proceed to Rheims, and make the sketches necessary to paint a grand and thoroughly exact representation of the Cathedral for the fourth act of Schiller's drama. The scene painted in obedience to these instructions was first used at the private performance mentioned above. According to his custom on such occasions the King made valuable presents to the artists engaged in the performance.

CONCERTS VARIOUS.

TOWN HALL, POPLAR.—A musical entertainment was given on the 24th ult., in aid of the funds of a local institution. A long and varied programme was well rendered by the members of the Trinity Mutual Improvement Society, assisted by Misses Hughes, Evans, and Harding, and Messrs Charles and Ernest Durham. Miss Hughes, a young lady with a pleasing "high mezzo-soprano" voice and good method, sang "Little Maid of Arcadée," and "It was a dream." Mr Charles Durham had a good opportunity for the display of his fine voice in "Qui sdegno," an opportunity which he did not lose sight of. Mr Ernest Durham played with his accustomed neatness and precision Mendelssohn's "Andante and Rondo," besides accompanying some of the vocal numbers in a thoroughly artistic manner.

S.
MRS JOHN MACFARREN gave a pianoforte and vocal recital, in connection with the South Western Railway, at Brunswick House, Vauxhall, on Tuesday last. The accomplished pianist, who has been heard here on several occasions, was cordially greeted on her appearance, and enthusiastically applauded throughout the evening. She played a widely contrasted selection of pieces, to each of which she imparted a special charm by the brilliancy and artistic finish of her execution. The vocal portion of the programme was effectively given by two very promising students of the Royal Academy of Music, Miss Marion Williams and Miss Reimar, who sang Mendelssohn's two part-song, "I would that my love," and Professor Macfarren's duet, "O sweet summer morn," the latter being vociferously encored. Miss Marion Williams had to repeat Mr Arthur Sullivan's "Let me dream again," and Miss Reimar, Vincent Wallace's "Sweet and low."

KEW.—A Bazaar in connection with the Flower Mission, which, it may be remarked, is a thing of itself, and in no way connected with any special religious movement or party, was held here on Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, under the distinguished patronage of H.R.H. the Duchess of Cambridge and H.R.H. Princess Mary Adelaide, Duchess of Teck, &c., &c. The principal promoters of the Bazaar were the Hon. Mrs Hodgson, of Kew Palace, and Mrs Walker, of Cumberland Gate. The stalls were attended to by Mrs Hodgson and Mrs Walker respectively. The Hon. Mrs

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Hodgson had for assistants—Mrs Cunningham Boosey, Mrs Albert Hartshorne, Miss Hodgson, and Miss Matilda Hodgson. Mrs Walker had for assistants—the Misses Walker, Miss Ida Nelson, the Misses Atkinson, the Misses Johnson, Miss Crowdy, and Miss Nairn, and all seemed to work *con amore*. Among the articles Mrs Hodgson had for sale were a sofa cover beautifully worked in wool by the Baroness Rothschild, a number of drawings by Miss Tollemache, sketches in water colour of the old coaching days, by the Hon. Mr Denman, drawings by Mrs Hodgson, Japanese fans, a very handsome pincushion, worked by the nuns in the convent of Santa Clara, Madeira; a quantity of nice china, and some illuminated texts done by the Princess Mary's children. The articles shown on Mrs Hodgson's stalls also included several tasteful objects and some autographs presented by the Duchess of Cambridge. Her Royal Highness was unable, owing to her state of health, to attend, but Lady Geraldine Somerset, H.R.H.'s lady-in-waiting, was commissioned to make purchases in H.R.H.'s name. Altogether the Bazaar was a most decided success, and too much praise cannot be given to the Hon. Mrs Hodgson and Mrs Walker for their truly charitable labours.

PROVINCIAL.

EDINBURGH.—We are glad to chronicle the commencement of those interesting organ recitals with which Professor Oakeley has in past seasons so agreeably entertained the University students in particular, and musical amateurs in general. As in former years—says the *Daily Review*—the class-room was crowded in every part; the Professor of Music receiving as much applause, and giving as evident satisfaction as on any previous occasion.

CHELTENHAM.—It is with pleasure we record the success of Mr Ricardo Linter's pianoforte recital. The room was well filled by a fashionable and appreciative audience, which, by the frequent and hearty applause, bore testimony to Mr Linter's unquestionable talent as one of the most accomplished pianists of the day. We think our town should regard it as a matter for congratulation that it numbers among its inhabitants men of Mr Linter's stamp, who can so well interpret such of the works of the great masters as Mr Linter had set himself for performance on this occasion. We particularly refer to Beethoven's Sonata in B flat, Op. 106, which was throughout played in a masterly manner, evoking, at its conclusion, quite a furore. Space will not admit of our writing fully, as we should like, but we must not omit to mention two pieces, which, although not of so difficult a character as the above-mentioned, were perfect examples of the effects produced by a delicate and refined touch—these were Hensel's "Cradle Song," and Wehl's étude "Le Papillon."—*Chesterfield Examiner*.

BRIGHTON.—Madame Néruda and Mr Charles Hallé gave a "recital" on Tuesday morning, in the Pavilion Music Room, and quite delighted a very large audience. Mr S. Brandram on the same day gave a "recitation" of *Macbeth* in the lecture hall of Brighton College. Miss Annie Goodall, the vocalist at the Aquarium concerts last week, has been followed by Miss Clara Suter. Mr Charles Wyndham has been playing at the theatre the part of Robert Sackett, in the comedy of *Brighton*, with great success. Mr De Paris gave his "recital" last week, with the assistance of Miss Purdy, a vocalist, of whom the *Brighton Guardian* remarks that:—"Without wishing to raise undue hopes, one would desire, when noticing Miss Purdy's appearance, to say that she may soon take a foremost place among contralto singers. Hitherto she has chosen a rather abstruse class of composition; her success shows what she may attain in a more popular style. Sullivan's "Guinevere," and Gounod's "Maid of Athens" were among the pieces sung by Miss Purdy. They were both given with excellent effect. Mr W. Ardly was the accompanist."

NOTTINGHAM.—The Sacred Harmonic Society gave its second concert for the present season on Tuesday evening, November 30th, when Mr Henry Farmer's *Mass* was produced with deserved success. It is a work, although composed many years ago, little known in England. It is, however, a "stock piece" in America, where, on every occasion of its performance, it was received with enthusiasm. The *Nottingham Journal* says that the principal vocalists appeared to be somewhat lost at times, as though they had not given to the music that attention and study which it deserved; but it was nothing more than a lack of confidence. We must confess to a very agreeable surprise as we listened to the instrumentation of the *Mass*, and have no hesitation in pronouncing it the work of a master hand. At times, notably in the *Kyrie* and *Et Incarnatus*, the oboe and violoncello have brilliant work to do. We must not omit mention of the fine organ accompaniment of Mr Essex, who, especially in the "Quoniam," played with such a piquant touch and excellent com-

bination of stops as to be an orchestra in himself. The long and hearty applause at the close of the work must have convinced Mr Farmer that at least one prophet has found honour amongst his own kin; and never was applause more deservedly bestowed.

DUBLIN.—The second of the announced series of three concerts was given on Saturday afternoon in the Brunswick Street Rooms, by the Dublin Chamber Musical Union. The spacious apartment known as the Drawing Room was crowded with most select and appreciative assembly. Mons. Billet and Herr Berzon and Elsner played, for the first time in Dublin, Niels Gade's "Novellette," for piano, violin, and violoncello. Each number—says *The Daily Express*—was capitally given. The "Andantino con moto," with its quaint harmony, and the larghetto, pleased best. The next item was Sebastian Bach's sonata in G minor, for violin solo, without accompaniment; Herr Berzon's playing of this was capital. The three movements, fugue, Siciliano, and presto—were listened to with breathless silence, and at the close, Herr Berzon was greeted with well-merited applause. Mons. A. Billet then played Chopin's "Scherzo in B flat minor." M. Billet's execution was careful and conscientious, and his beautiful touch in the rapid passages was quite a treat to hear. Then last but not least, was presented Felix Mendelssohn's trio for piano, violin, and violoncello, in D minor (Op. 49). The interpretation of this magnificent work was really fine, and long will we recall with pleasure the exquisite andante tranquillo in B flat major, and the dashing allegro.

ROME.

(From a Correspondent.)

It now seems pretty certain that Sig. Jacovacci will open the Teatro Apollo after all. The Corporation are said to have raised the subsidy to 175,000 francs for the season. The principal artists, so runs the report, will be Signore Wanda Miller, Borghi-Mamo, Signori Campanini, Verati, Brogi, and Mirabella. The opening opera will be Spontini's *Vestale*. There has been some talk of *Aida*, but it will, in all likelihood, be only talk, since the company, as at present constituted, is hardly capable of performing the work in a satisfactory manner. The first ballet will be *Il Selam maraviglioso*, with Signora Rosita Mauri as principal—Sig. Sangiorgi's *Diana*, for some time in rehearsal, will be shortly produced at the Teatro Argentina, with Signora Dondini, Signori Abrugnedo, Pagliani, and D'Ottavi in the principal parts. Signora Boschetti is attracting crowded houses by her dancing in *Brahma*.—An English artist, Signora Isidor, has pleased greatly, at the Teatro Rossini, in *La Sonnambula*.

STUTTGART.

(From a Correspondent.)

The new Liederhalle, erected by Herr von Leins as architect, has been opened with great solemnity. The King and entire Court, the Ministers, and deputations from the Liedertafel in all the principal towns of Wurtemberg, as well as others from similar societies in Switzerland and the neighbouring state of Baden, lent additional brilliancy to the two days' inauguration, which culminated in a Festival Concert, attended by 3,500 persons. Never had such an audience gathered together in Stuttgart. The programme included Beethoven's *Leonore* Overture; Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto, Professor Singer taking the violin solo; and a number of songs and part-songs.

INNSBRUCK.—The Florentine Quartet Union, under the direction of Herr Johann Becker, lately gave a concert here.

CAIRO.—*La Favorita* was performed for the *début* of Signora Waldmann, who was much applauded. The same is true of Sig. Masini.

DRESDEN.—Count Von Sayn-Wittgenstein, favourably known in musical circles as composer of music to the melodrama of *Fritjof*, has left Salzburg and settled in this town.

MUNICH.—A short time since, on the 5th November, Herr Vogl celebrated the tenth anniversary of his first appearance at the Theatre Royal, when, as a poor unknown schoolmaster, he sustained the part of Max in *Der Freischütz*, and made a hit. On the date above mentioned, he again sustained the part, but as an artist of wide-spread celebrity, and a Royal *Kammersänger* to boot. Madame Vogl was the Agathe. Both artists were enthusiastically applauded, and recalled after every act. More than twenty laurel-wreaths were thrown to them.

MUSIC IN MANCHESTER.

(From our own Correspondent.)

At this busy period of the season, I ought to content myself with being a mere chronicler. If I ventured to write, as a critic, about all the operas and concerts given in Manchester at this time of the year, your space would not withstand the extraordinary demands I should have to make. Since my last letter we have had a fine performance of *St Paul*, conducted by Mr Hallé, in which Mr Sims Reeves was heard at his best. Finer singing, and more finished delivery of recitative could not possibly be desired than that which Sims Reeves gives us in this noble oratorio; and perhaps those who have heard him sing Stephen's oration, "Be thou faithful unto death," the most frequently were the most grateful. Mrs Osgood, the American soprano, was very successful, and made a favourable impression. Madame Patey sang the contralto music—we need not say how; and Signor Foli displayed both judgment and energy in the bass solos. The choruses were admirably sung, and the orchestra and orchestral accompaniments were played in a manner that left nothing to desire. The programme for Mr Hallé's concert this week is full of attractions. Perhaps the subscribers are not so grateful as might be expected for such a brilliant array of operatic talent as this programme exhibits. And it is not treason to say that one or two singers would have been sufficient, since the necessity of finding something to do for all of them involves the omission of some of the more attractive of the regular features of these concerts. We are disposed, also, to resist the excess of good fortune promised for us next week, in the shape of Italian Opera. It is surely a misfortune that Mr Gye's and Mr Mapleson's troupes are going to play here in the same week and on the same nights. The amateurs who wish to see Mdme Nilsson as Marguerite, and Mdme Albani as Amina, are compelled to make a choice, as these operas will not be repeated, and they are to be given on the same night. Mdme Varesi is in the same way put into competition with Mdme Zaré Thalberg, and assuredly the concurrence is unfortunate. *Lohengrin* will be given on Wednesday and Friday, at the Princes Theatre, by Mr Gye's contingent.

Mr Carl Rosa produced *The Siege of Rochelle* last week, with unquestionable success. Mr Santley, as Michel, was admirable; Miss Gaylord and Miss Torriani were also effective. But surely I saw an account of the performance at the Prince's Theatre in the *Musical World* not long since. *Zampa*, however, was never given by Mr Rosa's company before last night, and in this opera they have achieved their greatest success. London amateurs were familiar, some years ago, with Mr Santley's splendid impersonation of the Corsair nobleman. I quite agree with the critics of the Manchester newspapers, who call it his finest part. His acting and singing were both irreproachable; and, in its way, Mr Lyall's Dandolo was an equally clever performance. Indeed, a more satisfactory operatic ensemble I have seldom heard. Miss Torriani, Miss Lucy Franklin, Mr Nordblom, and Mr Aynsley Cook were all efficient and effective, and the band and chorus were more than satisfactory. What charming music *Zampa* contains!—how fresh and original its airs and concerted music!—and what unity of design in the opera as a whole! Mr Rosa will conclude his season on Saturday.

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WAIFS.

M. Alexandre Dumas is one of Carpeaux's executors.

Mr Fechter has been engaged at the Lyceum Theatre, New York. Madame Ristori, before leaving Melbourne, gave a performance of *Elizabeth*, for the benefit of the theatrical profession.Our "Queen Contralto," Mad. Patey, has been singing recently in *St Paul*, at Manchester, with her accustomed success.

Madame Jananschelt intends, after her Australian engagement, to visit England, where she will appear at the Haymarket.

M. Faure, restored to health, has made his reappearance at the "Grand Opera" in *Hamlet*, with Mad. Carvalho as Ophelia.

Messrs H. A. Ivory & Co., the pianoforte manufacturers, of Wood Green, are about to turn their business into a limited company.

Mrs Theodore Martin (Helen Faust) will play on the 9th December, in her husband's drama *King René's Daughter*, on behalf of the Royal General Theatrical Fund, with Mr and Mrs Kendal and Mr Toole.

The Abbé Liszt is at Rome, where he intends to pass the winter. Mr Swinburne has almost completed a new play for closet reading. The subject is drawn from an old Greek legend.

Mr Irving's answer to the strictures upon his performance of *Macbeth* will, we are told, consist in playing *Othello* so soon as the run of *Macbeth* is over.

"I am speaking," said a long-winded orator, "for the benefit of posterity." "Yes," said one of his hearers, "and if you keep on much longer, your audience will be here."

Sig. Gaetano Braga, the well-known composer and violincellist, has returned from America, and is now stopping in Paris, for the purpose of playing at concerts and teaching.

Miss Lillian Albrecht will play, at the Crystal Palace, on Wednesday, December 8th, Bach's Prelude and Fugue à trois voix, in B flat major, and Chopin's Tarentelle in A flat, Op. 43.

Mr Gilbert's new fairy-comedy, entitled *Broken Hearts*, is in active preparation at the Court Theatre, where it will be produced on December 9th. It is in three acts and in blank verse.

Sterndale Bennett's *May Queen* was given at the second concert of the Nottingham Sacred Harmonic Society, with Madame Sherrington, Miss D'Alton, Signor Federici, and Mr McGuckin as vocalists.

In speaking of Mdle Varesi's admirable singing in the great scene of the madness in *Lucia di Lammermoor*, the Dublin papers allude to the "magnificent performance" of Mr Keppel in the flute *obbligato*.

Three negro musicians—Julian, Manuel, and Nasio Timenez (brothers, we presume)—have been attracting considerable attention by their performances of classical music at the *salle Philippe Herz*, in Paris.

The theatre at Freiberg (Saxony) has died of old age; or rather it was in such a tottering condition, that it was thought advisable to demolish it. This is better than being destroyed by fire, as happens with so many theatres.

Richard the Second has been acted four times at the New York Fifth Avenue Theatre and withdrawn. Mr Booth personated the afflicted monarch in a noble manner, but the performance shot over the heads of the public.

Mr Emile Enoch, of the firm of Enoch and Sons, 19, Holles Street, Cavendish Square, W., has been appointed sole agent in the United Kingdom and in the Colonies for the Society of French Dramatic Authors and Composers.

The Crystal Palace Company announces for performance on Thursday, December 14, Sophocles' *Antigone*, with the whole of Mendelssohn's music. This will be the first performance of the play in London on the stage since 1845.

The Viscountess Georges Vigier (Sophie Cruvelli) is at present in Paris, but will soon leave for her villa at Nice. She occupied a seat a few nights since in Mad. André's box at the Grand Opera, heartily applauding Mad. Carvalho and Faure.

NORWICH MUSICAL FESTIVAL.—The accounts of the last Musical Festival at Norwich show a surplus of £130. Mr F. J. Blake, who has acted as treasurer of the Norwich Festivals for a very lengthened period, died on Wednesday at an advanced age.

Chateaubriand said: "Madame Chateaubriand would not dine later than five. I was never hungry till seven. But we compromised and dined at six, so that we could neither of us enjoy it, and that is what people call the happiness of mutual concessions."

ERON COLLEGE.—Bach's Cantata, *God's own time is ever best*, will be given at the College Chapel, with a large chorus and full orchestra, this day, December 4th, and Saturday, 11th, in the ordinary afternoon service, commencing at four o'clock.

An addition to the history of the English drama is in preparation, under the name of *An Old Woman's Gossip*, by Fanny Kemble, who is living near Philadelphia, and has already published four numbers of this record of her life in the *Atlantic Monthly Review*.

M. Gounod is still progressing favourably, and will soon be able to use his injured arm. The bandages and splints were taken off a short time since, but were immediately put on again, as the surgeons considered the bones were not as yet properly united.

A Marseilles journal states that the tenor Barbot, well known at the Opera of that town as well as at Lyons and Brussels, has been placed in a lunatic asylum. He was seized with mental derangement at Algiers, during a performance of *Les Mousquetaires de la Reine*.

The late Jules Janin bequeathed his valuable library, consisting of 60,000 volumes, to the Institute, with the proviso that it should be kept in an apartment specially appropriated. The bequest was accepted, but it is likely to become the object of legal contest.

Mr Oberthür has left London to fulfil concert engagements in Brussels, Aix-la-Chapelle, Mayence, Wiesbaden, Hamburg, Magdeburg, Dresden, Berlin, and Vienna, where he has been invited by Professor Jos. Hellmesberger to play at the *Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde*.

[Dec. 4, 1875.]

A disturbance occurred three evenings back at the Opera House of Lyons. The piece was *Lucia di Lammermoor*. At the moment the orchestra commences the overture, cries arose from all parts of the house of, "Away with the manager!" and a shower of missiles were hurled on the stage. The police had to interfere.

At the Arch Theatre, Philadelphia, Tennyson's *Queen Mary* has been performed. Great preparations had been made for its production, and public interest was aroused to its highest pitch. It was a most lamentable failure, the adapter having taken great liberties with the text. It was withdrawn at the end of a week.

M. Garnier, the architect of the Grand Opera, is about to leave Paris for Bordighiera, a small village between San Remo and Vintimille. The climate there is exceptionally mild and beautiful. Frost and snow are unknown. The object of his trip is to construct a palace with a theatre attached to it for a millionaire friend.

Miss Purdy has been singing at Brighton with success. "At a recent concert given in the Pavilion"—the *Brighton Herald* says—"Miss Purdy, who has a rich and well cultivated voice, sang Sullivan's ballad, 'Guinevere,' and Gounod's 'Maid of Athens, with great expression."

"The arduous part of Zerlina in *Don Giovanni*"—says the *Liverpool Post*—"was more than sustained; it was made both touching and brilliant by Mdlle Bianchi, who bore off the palm as a singer, being delightfully sympathetic, as well as charming in execution." Signor Naudin is also highly praised by the same authority for his rendering of the part of Don Ottavio.

Le Pompon, the new work composed by M. Lecocq, and produced but recently at the Folies-Dramatiques, if we may rely upon the judgment of Parisian critics, approaches nearer and nearer the style of "opéra comique," leaving the "opérette" and "opéra-bouffe" further and further in the background. Thus progressing, M. Lecocq may one day fairly lay claim to the title, "Adolph Adam the Second."

Wagner has arrived at Vienna, to superintend the getting up of his *Tannhäuser*, which is to be given without curtailments. If the Viennese find their patience tried with nearly five hours of music, they will enjoy an opportunity of appreciating the work at its intrinsic value. It is said that Wagner intends to pass the winter at Vienna with his family, *Lohengrin* and other operas of his being in preparation.

ALEXANDRA PALACE.—During the Cattle Show week, commencing on Monday next, Romah, the famous athlete, will give his performances at the Palace daily. On Tuesday, Miss Lydia Thompson will appear in Farnie's successful burlesque of *Blue Beard*. This will be the last theatrical entertainment previous to the 20th inst., when the Christmas Pantomime will be produced, and when Mr George Conquest will appear, embodying the extraordinary and novel feats for which he is so celebrated. On Saturday next Handel's *Oratorio, Esther*, will be repeated, under the conductorship of Mr H. Weist Hill, with an increased orchestra and chorus; and the members of the German Gymnastic Society will give one of their peculiar and admirably-conducted displays.

The welcome accorded to Mdlle Zaré Thalberg on her entrance as Zerlina showed that, either for the sake of her father's well-cherished memory, or in compliment to her already considerable reputation and charming, piquant looks, her appearance was regarded as the principal event of the night. As yet she has not succeeded in throwing much practical coquetry into the business of the part; but so pretty a young lady cannot but please, and her singing is of high merit and still higher promise. A voice often silvery and always bell-like in its pure and transparent clearness, is employed with a skill which speaks of careful training and great natural talent. Encored in "La ci darem" and "Batti, batti," Mdlle Thalberg shone chiefly, in our judgment, in "Vedrai carino." She was inundated with applause and bouquets.—*Liverpool paper*.

If we are to credit all we hear, the 15th of the present month, Monday next, will be marked with a white stone amongst us, inasmuch as an artist, said to be the greatest of living pianists, is to make his *début* before a New York audience at Chickering Hall. That he is a man of extraordinary powers there can be no doubt, but whether his genius is of an exalted character,—whether he plays from within or from without, remains to be decided by those who are competent to judge. Upon this point we can, of course, venture no opinion as yet. We may, however, observe, that all the education, practice, and study of which the human mind and organism are capable—that fingers swift as lightning, and with a touch as delicate as that of a falling rose-leaf,—that a grasp filled with harmonious thunders, and as true and as certain in its operations as the course of the stars, will not impart one spark of genius, or make a pianoforte player in the most exalted acceptance of that term. We may remark that Doctor Bülow is doubtless possessed of all the inner light necessary to give true life to his great art.—*New York Touchstone*.

The great organ erected by the well-known French manufacturer, Cavaille-Coll, for the Palace of Industry, at Amsterdam, was "opened" a short time since by M. Guilmant, an organist fully equal to the occasion. The new instrument, under the hands of this esteemed professor, surpassed expectation, and is praised by the Dutch critics, which, when we remember they possess such organs as those at Haarlem and Rotterdam, is saying no little.—*Graphic*.

ORGAN RECITAL.—Dr A. L. Peace gave the first of his tenth annual series of organ recitals at the University, Glasgow, on Saturday, 27th November, 1875. The following is the programme:—Organ concerto, G major (introduction, allegro, adagio, allegro, finale); Handel; Air, with variations, for the organ, Adolphe Hesse; Bourée, and Fugue (on a subject by Corelli), B minor, J. S. Bach; Larghetto (Ninth Quartet), Mozart; Gratulations (menuet), Beethoven; Overture in F, Schubert.

La Reine Indigo of Johann Strauss, son of the prince of waltz composers, Ferdinand Strauss, and husband of Jetty Treffz, whose merry refrain, "Trab, trab, trab," at the late Jullien's Promenade Concerts, still lingers in the ear of many an amateur, has been revived at the Renaissance. Strauss is likely to become a formidable rival to Offenbach, Lecocq, &c. At the general rehearsal of *La Reine Indigo*, the Italian actor, Sig. Rossi, a fanatical admirer of the music of Strauss, was conspicuous among those present.

Mdlle Tietjens has been singing in Montreal after her success having been variously estimated in Boston. Mine Arabella Goddard declined, we learn, to accompany Mr Strakosch to Canada. She rejoins his company, however, at Albany. Like those of the distinguished German cantatrice, her performances also were made the subject of conflicting opinions at the "Hub"—the headlong Wagenerian critic of the *Gazette* denouncing them *in toto*, while the more discriminating and refined pen of the *Transcript* took the opposite extreme.—*Correspondence of the "New York Touchstone."*

As much interest is felt in the proceedings of the Royal Albert Hall at the present time, we have been requested to state the position of its affairs. At the last annual meeting the council was unanimously instructed to apply for an Act of Parliament to provide funds for the maintenance and working of the hall. This Bill has now been drafted, and provides that the council shall annually prepare an estimate for the maintenance of the structure, and lay this before a general meeting of seat-holders, who may, if they desire, rate themselves for a further sum to work the hall; but it is provided that both sums shall not exceed £2 per seat. The Bill also provides for the purchase of seats on equitable terms from seat-holders who object to the rating powers of the Bill.—*Times*

MUSICAL COPYRIGHTS.—A sale of important Musical Copyrights—being the Stock of Messrs. Duff & Stewart, the well-known publishers, of 147, Oxford Street—has just been concluded by Messrs. Puttick & Simpson. The sale extended over five days, and brought together a large attendance of gentlemen connected with the music trade and profession. Subjoined we give a list of the high prices obtained for some of the more prominent lots. Lot 28, Baker (Lady), "When the bairnies are asleep," £40 (Stewart); lot 114, Diodotan, "Good night, sweet mother," £47 (Brewer); lot 160, Virginia Gabriel, "My lost darling," £42 (Hime); lot 164, ditto, "Only," £516 (Metzler); lot 170, ditto, "Parted," £40 (Morley); lot 186, ditto, "Waiting," £38 (J. Williams); lot 187, ditto, "Weary," £195 (Metzler); lot 191, ditto, "Would you be a sailor's wife?" £78 (J. Williams); lot 302, Bernard, Break of day Schottische, £160 (Hime); lot 354, Glover (S.), Songs of the Elements, £134 (J. Williams); lot 355, ditto, Songs of the Seasons, £223 (ditto); lot 359, ditto, "The good-bye at the door," £264 (J. Williams); lot 375, ditto, "Will you love me then as now?" £88 (Hime); lot 381, Gounod's "O that we two were maying," £51 (Hime); lot 405, Hatton, "A bird sang in a hawthorn tree," £147 (Hime); lot 469, Hime (E. L.), "Something to love me," £48 (ditto); lot 509, Hobbs (J. W.), "Nina," £95 (J. Williams); lot 514, ditto, "The brave old Temeraire," £47 (Hime); lot 610, Glover's Heather Wreath, for the Pianoforte, £290 (Hime); lot 772, Levey (W. C.), "Esmeralda," £546 (Hime); lot 775, ditto, "Maritana, gay Gitana," £85 (Ashdown and Parry); lot 780, ditto, "The magic of music," £66 (Hime); lot 814, Loder's "Philip the falconer," £64 (J. Williams); lot 867, Hime's "Parfait amour," £150 (Ashdown and Parry); lot 975, Lover's "I'm not myself at all," £40 (Hutchings and Romer); lot 1005, ditto, Twelve songs of "Handy Andy," £248 (J. Williams); lot 1015, ditto, The fisherman's daughter," £46 (ditto); lot 1044, ditto, "The whistlin' thief," £41 12s. (ditto); lot 1123, Pinsuti's "I love my love," £454 (ditto); lot 1124, ditto, "The raft," £130 (ditto); lot 1184, Rochard's Amusing Sketches, £395 (Hime); lot 1185, ditto, Favourite Melodies for the Pianoforte, £256 (ditto); lot 1379, Tours (Berthold), "The angel at the window," £210 (Ashdown and Parry); lot 1537, Gounod's Biondina, £96 (Metzler). Total—£11,000.

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ORGANIST OF ST. GEORGE'S CATHEDRAL, SOUTHWARK.

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